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THE LOST LADY

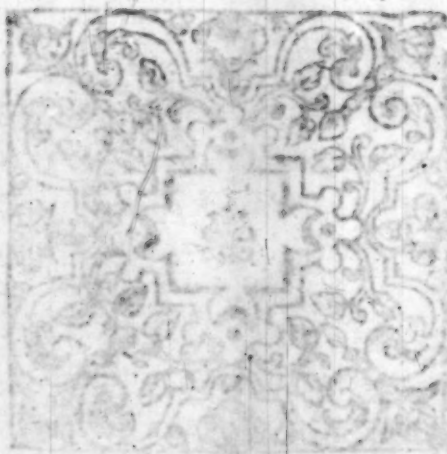
A Tragy-
COMEDY.



Imprinted at LONDON by Jo. Okes,
for John Colby, and are to be sold
at his Shop, at the Signe of the Holy
Lambe on Ludgate-hill. 1639.

THE TWO LADY

A Tragedy
COMEDY.



Printed as a new one by J. O. for John Colby, and are to be sold at one shilling the copy of the play. London: J. O. 1784.



THE LOST LADY

A Tragy-Comedy.

Enter AGENOR. PHYSITIAN.

AGENOR.

Sir, I hope Lord LYSICLES is not yet retir'd.

PH. No Sir, he commanded immediate notice
Should be given of your coming.

AG. I feare my stay at the Castle, hath made my
Duty seeme unmannerly, but till this minute I had not
My dispatches from the Governour.

PH. Let it not trouble you, he never shuts his eies
Till all this other World opens theirs, nor does he
Sleepe then, but with distracted thoughts
Labours his fancy, to present him objects that may
Advance his griefe.

AG. What may the monstrous cause be?

PH. 'Twas monstrous indeede, he lost his Mistris,
Barbarously murdered by her perfidious Uncle:
Her Urne is in CIRRHA, which my Lord nightly
Visits and presents it, all his contracted
Sighes of the fled day; but at his parting
Reassumeth more, by thinking she is not: to
Whose deare memory his teares and griefes are
Offered, he's now alone, and the religious awe
Which makes our Priests retire, before they
Doe adore the incensed powers, is seene in him,

Who never dares approach her honored tombe,
Till a just contemplation of his losse, hath
Made his sorrow eloquent.

Enter.
LYSICLES,

See he comes, if when he parts your halt will
License you, I will relate the story of his
Unequal'd sufferings.

LYS. Doe you depart to night? AG. This houre my Lord.

LYS. I will not wrong you to intreate your care in suddainly
Delivering these small packets, but least you
Should beleeve they are meerely ceremonious,
And so beare any date, I now informe you,
I am concern'd in nothing neerer, my griefes excepted.

AG. I wish your Lordships happinesse.

LY. First, with me a captivity, for as I am
Ith' instant, if heaven should powre his blessings
On me, their quality would alter. Sir, good night.

PH. Sir, you are sad.

AG. He has no heart to joy that can be otherwise,
That sees this glorious youth groane under his harsh fate.

PH. What a sad accent had each word he uttered?

AG. I could not marke them much, but his whole
Frame is of such making, as if dispaire had bin the Architect,
We may wish, not hope a long life in him.

PH. Sir, will you now take horse?

AG. I should, had you not promis'd the originall of
This misfortune, and trust me 'tis a bold
Curiosity, that makes me search into it, for if
The silent presentation hath strooke amazement
In me, how shall I guard my heart, when sad
Disasters violence my passions.

PH. Thus then in short,
These noble Kingdomes THESSALY and SPARTA,
Have from the time, two Kings commanded all,
Under both Titles, still bin emulous,
And jealous of th'advantages which each,
Suspected might be in the adverse party:
This caus'd a lasting warre, but the fierce storme
Threatned not till the raigne of these two Kings,
Both crowned yong, both of an equall age,
Both having all the passions of their subjects,
Their feares excepted: the Embassadors
That should congratulate the new made Kings,
As if one spirit had inspired both,
Came with this message little varied,
That each were joy'd in such an enemy:
No more the fearefull wisdom of old men
Should rust their swords, that fate had given to one
Command of all. In short, their forces met,
And in ten bloody daies none could decide
Which had the better cause:
The vertues of each Prince so prevalent.

Fortune

Fortune was but spectator, to conclude,
 Urgent affaires at home compel'd each King
 To leave their Armies, ours committed his
 To STRIMON father of Prince LYSICLES.
 The Duke of ARGOS did command the SPARTANA,
 Who swolne with the great name of Generall.
 Before his King had hardly left the sight
 Of his great Army, drawes his forces out,
 And fac'd us in our Trenches: 'tis not yet
 Unquestion'd, whether feare or policy
 Made STRIMON keepe in his: but certainly this,
 That Vertue sharpn'd by necessity,
 Procur'd our Triumph: here LYSICLES
 Anticipated yeares unto his fame,
 And on the wounds of his brave Enemy,
 Did write his Story, which our Virgins sing.
 But from this conquest did begin the cause of all his misery.

AG. How from this? unlesse the King should judge
 It, too dangerous an honor to be given to one.

PH. Hee's Lord of so much Vertue,
 He cannot feare it in a Subject.

AG. And as the common voice reacht him in ATHOS,
 There's none he lookes on with greater
 Demonstration of his love.

PH. I know not that, but this I am perfit in,
 His judgment is directed by the Kings so powerfully,
 He cannot thinke his vertues injured,
 Though many should be neerer in his graces,
 It would inflict him strangely if any should be thought,
 To love his Prince better than he.

AG. Pardon my interruption, pray proceed.

PH. The Duke defeated, posts unto the Court,
 Where he design'd, unto his dire revenge,
 Th'obscurest path that ever time reveal'd
 Since her first glasse: procures his King to throw
 Neglects upon him, and to seeme in doubt
 Of his obliged faith: a severe search
 Made on his papers, his treasure vallued
 By the publicke Officer, and is himselfe,
 Twice deprehended in a seeming flight,
 Calumniated, libeld, and disgrac'd,
 By his owne seeking, and beleefe of others,
 Who judging him to be their honors ruine.
 First raze his house, and then demand his life
 As sacrifice, unto their brothers, sonnes,
 Nephewes, and publicke losse: sedition
 Had now the face of piety, which once
 Receiv'd as just, can hardly be repel'd.
 The King with difficulty doth assure his life,
 With promise of his banishment.
 This he fore-saw and sought, and did disguise

Himselfe, in feare of the incensed people :
 Parts in the night, and partner of his fate
 Hath his faire Neece, who is so innocent,
 She cannot thinke there is a greater crime,
 Practiz'd by men than errour, which does make
 Us seeme more vicious, than in act we are.

AG. I want a perspective for this darke Myſtery,
 And but your knowledge doth diſſolve my doubts,
 'Twould ſeeme a Riddle, that a Gentleman
 Of his knowne valour, reputation,
 Should ſtrive to loſe both for ſome ſecret end,
 I cannot yet arrive too.

PH. Sir, you know
 Revenge doth maſter all our paſſions,
 That are not ſervants to her rage.

AG. But how unfriended, baniſht the reproach
 Of Traytor fixt upon him, he could find
 The way unto't more eaſie, I am ignorant.

PH. This ſtory will reſolve you, to this Court he comes,
 Is brought to th' King, then with a modeſt freedome
 Relates his ſufferings, hopes that fame hath taught
 His ſtory ere his coming, elſe he ſhould
 Continue miſerable, as beleev'd,
 Both by his friends and enemies a Traytor :
 Delivers that he ſought protection
 From him, becauſe none elſe could vindicate
 His innocence, which many mothers here
 Saith, he hath wept that day when fortune
 Conſulted Fate, who ſhould be Conqueror :
 You brave Lords (ſaith he) that were preſent, did my ſword
 Parley? did you receive wounds on condition?
 Were theſe by compact? all my bloud is loſt
 Since 'tis diſcredited, what before was ſpent,
 Ran in my name and made that live : but now
 Great King, you onely repeale my honors fall,
 By giving death unto your enemy.
 Our Prince reſents his fate, confirms him his
 By a large penſion, and too ſoone intruſts
 With all his ſecrets, gives him meanes to view
 His forts, which he deſignes, and learns the ſtrength
 Of each particular province, and inform'd
 Of all, makes his eſcape, and is received
 Of the SPARTANA King with all remonſtrances
 Of love, and confeſſ'd ſervice; but before
 He parted, did that horrid act which
 LYSICLES muſt dye for.

AG. Indeed this ſtory doth not much concerne
 Him, if I miſtake not.

PH. At his arrivall here, he left his Neece
 With this deſigne, that when his plots were ripe,
 Without ſuſpect he might come to the borders :
 Hither he comes, and at his entrance, is

By a base trayterous Servant certified,
 Of the great love twixt her and **LYSICLES**,
 The compact of their vows, with divers Letters
 The Lovers had exchange'd: he stormes and cries,
 If thou dost love young **LYSICLES**, my hate
 Shall strike thee dead, thy hand plucke backe my honor
 When it was mounting, be constant, and this hand
 Shall by her death give thee a lingring one,
 And my revenge in thy owne house begin.
 Then with a barbarous unheard of cruelty
 Murthers his Neece, and the same instant flies:
 Fame had the next Sun blowne this through the City,
 His house was searcht, the trunke of the dead Lady
 Found in the Hall, the head he carried with him,
 In honor of his cruelty. **AG.** Sure he was mad,

PH. I would say so too, but that I would not make
 Him lesse guilty of this inhumanity.

AG. What furies governe man? we hazard all
 Our lives and fortunes to gaine hated memories:
 And in the search of vertue, tremble at shadowes.
 But how are you ascertain'd that he did
 This horrid act?

PH. He sent the bitter summons of her death,
 By her that had betray'd her; the report
 Did make her spirits throng unto her heart,
 And sure had kild it, had not Heaven decreed
 His hand should be as blacke as his intent.
 She begg'd sometime for prayer, and retir'd:
 In her owne blood did write her Tragedy,
 And parting, wishes to her deare bethroth'd.
 Now heare the strangest mistooke piety,
 That ever entred in a Virgins breast:
 She so much lov'd this barbarous Homicide,
 She would not have him guilty of her death,
 And therefore with her owne hand wounds her selfe,
 And as she bled, she writ unto her Lord:
 At last concludes.
 They will not let me make them innocent:
 I'me cald unto my death, and I repent
 My wound, because I would not hurt
 That which I hope you lov'd: this bloody note
 Was found the next day in her pocket.

AG. And came it to the Lord **LYSICLES**?

PH. It did, and if you e're had seele
 A hundred parents at one time deplore
 The unexpected deaths of their lost Children:
 The fathers sorrow, and the mothers teares,
 Would Emblemize, but not expresse his griefe.
 Sometimes he shriekt, as if he had sent his soule
 Out in his voice: sometimes stood fixt, and gaz'd
 As if he had no sence of what he saw:

Sometime he'd found, and if the memory
Of his deare Mistresse, even ith' gates of Death
Had not pursu'd him, he had certaine dyed:
Torment did now give life, at last he drew
His sword, and ere he could be staide, did fall
Upon the point. This I thinke did preserve him,
For not being mortall, and he fainting with
The losse of bloud, had not then strength enough
To end himselfe; untill he was perswaded
To live, to celebrate her memory,
Which nightly he doth doe upon her Tombe,
Whither he now is gone.

AG. I have not heard of such a love as this!

PH. Nor never shall of such a beauty as did cause it:
'Tis late, and I'll not trouble you with her story:
When you are at Court, all tongues will speake
Her merit to your wonder. I'll bring you to your horse. *Exit.*

The Tombe discovered.

Enter LYSICLES, and a Page, with a Torch.

Enter ERGASTO, and CLEON.

CL. And will you marry now? ER. Indeed will I.

CL. And what shall be done with all those lockes of haire
You have?

ER. Why I'll make buttons of 'em, and had they halfe
The value that I swore they had, when I did beg 'em,
Rich orient Diamonds could not equall them:
Some came easily, and some I was forc'd to dig for in the Mine.

CL. And your priz'd liberty, what shall become of that?
You swore you would not marry till there were
A Law established, that married men
Might be redeem'd as Slaves are.

ER. I was an Ass when I talkt so:
Those damb'd bookes of Chastity I read
In my minority corrupted me; but since
I'm practis'd in the World, I find there are
No greater Libertines than married men.
'Tis true 'twas dangerous, this knot in the
First Age, when it was a crime to breake vows:
But thanks to VENUS, the Scene is altered,
And we act other parts. I'll tell thee,
The priviledges we enjoy when we are married.
First, our secrecy is held Authentick,
Which is assurance will take up any woman at
Interest, that is not peevish, then the acquaintance
Which our wives bring us, to whom at times I carry
My wives commendations, and if their husbands be
Not at home, I doe commend my selfe.

CL. For what I prethee? ER. For a good Dancer,
A good Rider, a good — any thing
That I thinke will please 'em.

CLE.

CL. Thou'lt have a damnable conceite of thy wife
By thy knowledge and opinion of all other
Women, unlesse you thinke her a Phoenix.

ER. 'Twill be my best resolution. But harke in thy
Eare Rogue, I could be content to thinke, and
Wish mine and all——for the publicke good,
And weare my hornes with as much confidence,
As the best velver head of 'em all, and paint
Them in my Crest, with this Inscription;
These he deserv'd for his love to the Common-wealth.

CL. A rare fame you would purchase.

ER. A more lasting one than any Monument you can
Repeate the Epitaph of, and would it not be
Glorious to be commemorated as the first founder
Of the Commonalty of undisparag'd Cuckolds?

CL. Yes, and pray'd for by bastards that got better
Fathers than they were destin'd to by their mothers marriages.

ER. And curs'd by Surgeons that were undone by
Honest womens practices.

CL. And this done voluntarily, which you will
Hardly avoide, though you have a thousand
Guards to prevent it. I that have beene your
Play-tellow, shall be first suspected,
And first banish'd.

ER. By JUPITER never; no, though't would preserve
A thousand smooth fore-heads: if she be honest
Your Arts cannot alter her, and if otherwise,
Had I not rather adopt a sonne of thine
Than a strangers: and confesse truely CLEON,
Would not you for this publicke benefit be
Content to sacrifice a Sister, that we might
Love no longer by obligations, but affection; and
Seeing, liking, and enjoying, finish'd in a meeting.

CL. Unlesse I had meanes to appropriate one, you
Cannot suspect but I should wish a title unto all:
But what hopes have you of your Mistris?

ER. No airy ones of liking and affection, but mine
Are built on *terra firma* already, which her father
Lookes on greedily, and proportions
This to that grand-child, to the second this.

CL. Is he not somewhat startled at the report of
Thy debauchery? for though your thicke set woods,
And spreading Vineyards make excellent shades
To keepe away the Sun, I meane the piercing eye
Of censure, yet some suspicious common fame will raise.

ER. Indeepe it was my enemy whilst my elder brother liv'd.

CL. But since his death you are alred I must
Confesse it, for then the slenderesse of your
Annuity allowed you but the election of some
One sinne: I meane a cherisht sin, whilst
The others repin'd that thought themselves

Of equall dignity, in time they had their turnes,
Yet singly still; but since your brothers Death
You have shewne your selfe a gratefull
Gentleman, and recompenc'd those that have
Suffred for you to the full.

ER. A pretty Satyre this, to whip boyes of nine:
Yet still I tell thee, I am another in the opinion of the world.

CL. Another Heliogabalus thou wouldst be,
Hadst thou his power; but by what conjuration can
You bring me to thinke it?

ER. By reason, which is a spirit will hardly be
Rais'd in you, but thus it is: whilst my brother
Liv'd, my wildnesse was observed by —

CL. But now you walke in shades, recluse, and shut
Up in your Coach, your painted Liveries
Supposed Faries, and she that you were wont to
Visit by the name of Madam Ruffiana, is now
Your Aunt, all this I am perfit in; yet cannot
Reach the mystery of your suppos'd disguise,
You say doth Masque you.

ER. Heare me and be converted; I say I was
Observed by those that were neereft in blood to me,
And with feare too, least the ruine of my
Fortune might force them to supply my wants.
This caus'd the Ague,; this the admonitions, and
Frequent counsels; sometimes severe reproofes,
Every one curling himselfe from any hopes of mine,
They would assist me, and those gave largest counsels,
That would give nothing else.

CL. Of this I am yet a sad party, and a witnesse too.

ER. Since my brothers death, the names of things
Are changed, my ryots are the bounties of my nature,
Carelesnesse the freedome of my soule,
My prodigality an easenesse of mind proportion'd
To my fortune: beleeve me CLEON, this poverty
Is that which puts a multiplying-glasse upon our
Faults, and makes'em swell, and fill the eye;
Our crimes cry highest then, when they have brought us low.

CL. I have not knowne any condemn'd for playing,
But for loosing.

ER. True, and let it be thy rule for all things else.

CL. It this be certain, 'twill be long ere I be reputed vertuous.

ER. Thou'lt never be, unlesse it be this way.

I prophesie, good CLEON.

CL. 'Tis a sad story, pray let us leave it. Have you no Rivals?

ER. None present that I can feare, having her
Fathers firme consen.

CL. EVGENIO, your Rivall still continues banisht.

ER. And I hope will, till I am full possessed of HERMIONE.

CL. Did you give him cause to draw upon you in th' garison?

ER. Nor knew then any of offence, or his pretences,

Which

Which his folly look'd I should devine, he met me on the guard,
And drew upon me; we had a litle scuffle,
Were parted, and he banisht for the insolence.

CL. Prince LYSICLES labours to recall him.

ER. By all meanes, he was by in the nois'd battle, saw the
Prince cleave this man to the twift, divide a second, overthrow
A third, he is his Trumpet. CL. His actions need none.

ER. Wilt thou be happy CLEON, beleeeve not Fame
So farre, as to make thy selfe lesse than another man,
There were thousands that served for sixe Sesterse,
That did more than both; yet sleepe forgotten: 'Tis
Now time to meet the Ladies on the walke. *Exeunt.*

Enter LYSICLES, kneeles to the Tombe,
and then speakes.

LY. I doe prophane this place, for were my griefes
As great as I would boast 'em, I could not live
To tell them to the World:
Or is the passage which my soule should make
Shut up with sorrow? 'Tis so, and a joy,
A hopefull joy, to meete her must give freedome
To my sad prisoner, when my hand shall lead
This dagger to his heart, that parted ours.
And Heaven that heares this vow, powre on my head
Dire thunder, if I shrinke in what I promise:
And sacred'st Saint, if from thy place of rest,
Thou turn'st thy eyes upon thy holy Relickes,
Accept my vowes, and pardon me the life
Of the curst Homicide, a full revenge
Of thy Death, and my lives misery,
Shall make him pay the time he has out-liv'd
My happinesse; and when he is false,
Present thy selfe in all thy glories to me,
That my freed soule may owe her liberty
To no force but impatient longing —
Of re-injoying thee; and holy Tombe,
The Altar where my heart is nightly offered,
Let my wing'd love have passage through thy marble;
And fan the sacred ashes, knowing no heate,
But what he takes from them; so peace and rest
Dwell ever with thee. *Exit.*

Enter HERMIONE, IRENE, PHILLIDA, all vailed.

IR. Deare HERMIONE, pinch me or I shal sink with laughter.

HER. What said the stranger? PHILLIDA, I did not heare it?

PHI. Nothing madam.

HER. Then he did talke by signes, he was long about it:
What was't, IRENE?

IR. He long importun'd her to shew her face, which
After many urgings she consented to; and he in
Recompence made a low Reverence to her, and
Then thanks her for the great favour, and
Concludes he never did receive so great a one
From any woman, since all else have done with them
A reference to themselves: but hers was meerely
Goodnesse, for before he saw her he might
Have suspected her face handsomely hid, for a
Peece of beauty, if her vertue would have
Suffered him to be longer in that errour.

PHI. I would I were a man for his sake.

IR. So you told him, and he still courteous for
All your anger, promis'd to give you what you
Wanted of a Man, or teach you how to make one.

HER. Thou wilt never be old wench, if thou still
Keep'st this humour.

Enter ERGASTO

IR. Not a figh older these seven yeares if't and CLEON.
Please Sir CYPID, for he blowes our bellows.
But looke, yonders your servant, there's no
Starting now; you must stand too't, but before
He comes to interrupt us, observe with me,
How in that deepe band, short cloake, and his
Great bootes, he lookes three stories high, and
His head is the garret, where he keepes nothing but lists of
Horse matches, and some designs for his next cloaths.

PHI. Where is his cellarge?

IR. He'll shew it thee himselfe deare PHILLIDA, and
Thine too, if thou wilt have him: but they make to us.

ER. Madam, will you honor me, and this Gentleman,
With a sight of that which doth enrich the World?

HER. You will not take our excuses, if we should say
You find us now with more advantage to our beauties.

ER. So breakes the morning forth, but the Sunnes
Raies, are not so quicke and piercing as your eyes,
For they descend even to our hearts.

IR. Heaven defend: my heart would tremble if they should.

ER. Why Madame?

IR. See such impieties as are lodg'd there in a
Man, and not be stricke with horror, 'tis impossible.

ER. Your wit doth make you cruell: but Madam, I
Have something to deliver unto you, which your
Father commanded no eare should heare but yours.

IR. What have you there CLEON? CL. Verses Madam.

IR. Whose? CL. Of Lord ERGASTO's,
Written in celebration of the faire HERMIONE.

IR. Did he buy them, or found them without a father,
And has adopted them for his owne?

CL. They are his owne. IR. Here. CL. I pray read them.

IR. What have I deserv'd of you good CLEON, that
You should make me read his Verses in his owne presence?
If you thinke I have not already as an ill opinion

Of him, as I can have, you lose your labour.

CL. Read them, and Ile assure you you'll find things
Well said and seriously, and you will alter your opinion of him.

IR. Pray give them me, I long to be working wonders.
Rubies ——— Pearles ——— Roses ——— Heaven. *She reads*
Doe you not thinke he has done my Cozen a *single words.*
Simple favour comparing of her voice to that of Heaven?

CL. 'Tis his love makes him doe it, not finding any
Thing on Earth fit to expresse her, he
Searcheth Heaven for a similitude.

IR. Alas good Gentleman, 'tis the first time he
Ever thought on't; what frequent thunders
Should I heare, if 'twere as he would have it?
Let me counsaile you, lay them aside till
They have contracted an inch of dust, then with
Your finger write their Epitaph, expressing
The mutuall quiet they gave men, and received
From them; or as all poisons serve for some use,
Give them your Physitian, and let him
Apply them to his Patient for a Vomit,
This way they may be usefull.

CL. How ever you esteeme them, such an Elogy
Would make you thinke your glasse had not yet flattered you.

IR. It cannot, I prevent it, and accuse it, for
Not shewing the Hills of Snow, the Rubies
And the Roses, they say, have being from me:
But stay, Heaven opens, and I see a Tempest comming,
Your Poët is a Prophet.

HER. Ile call an oath to be my witnesse. ER. Madam?

HER. My owne feares light upon me, if the night that
Eve's the day of Marriage doth not shut me from the World.

ER. Why Madam, this intemperance? HER. 'Tis a just anger.

ER. If you are angry Madam with all that love you,
There lives none that has more enemies,
Every eye that looks upon you, you must hate.

IR. Sir CLEON, our friends are engag'd, pray let
Vs be o'th party: what has cal'd up this
Choler in my sweet Cozen? My Lord you have
Beene begging favours.

ER. Yes of Heaven, that it would furnish me
With merits fit to deserve your Cozen.

IR. When it has granted you, returne to her, and
Renue your suite; but if you stay till then,
You must get spectacles to see her beauty with.

HER. Why should you hinder your repose and mine?
You know I never lov'd you.

IR. Then he has no reason to accuse you of inconstancy.

ER. Why are you faire? or why has my Stars
Enforc'd me to love nothing else?

IR. If your love were considerable, what an
Obligation had my Cozen to your Starres?

Then these remonstrances of yours are
Impulsive, and not voluntary.

IR. I cannot tell, but when I seriously direct them to you,
I'll swear I am bewitch'd.

CL. Madam, this is repugnant to your other virtues,
That you should hate a man for loving you,
Before he did profess himselfe your servant.
I know you did receive him with indifferency
At least: whence then proceeds your hate?

HER. From his expression of his love.

CL. A cruell Son sprung from so mild a Father, if he did
Urge you to any thing might blast your honor.

IR. She would not heare him, and as it is, how
Much does he oblige her, he's now her servant,
And would entreate her to let him be her Master,
A request strangely modest.

CL. If I were he, I'd take an honorable composition,
Let her chuse whom she pleas'd for husband,
And continue her secret servant still.

HER. You are uncivill.

Enter PINDARVS.

CL. Pardon me Madam, this mirth's a liberty:
Your cozen doth allow me — Here comes your father.

PINDARVS whispers with ERGASTO, he speaks
to HERMIONE.

PIN. How long ist you have undertaken to be your
Owne disposer? HER. Sir.

PIN. After my cares had sought you out a man that brings
All blessings that the world calls happy; you must refuse him.

HER. Sir, I have tane an oath.

PIN. I know the priest that gave it. Doe you not blush,
Being so yong, to know how to distinguish the difference
Of desires, and this so wildly? that you will put off your
Obedience rather than loose one that you dare not say
Hath int'rest in you; but by my hopes of rest, Enter
I'll use the power custome and nature gives me, LYSICLES.
To force you to your happinesse.

LYSICLES.

How now my Lord? what miracle can raise a
Tempest here, where so much beauty raignes?

PIN. My Lord, you are not practis'd in the cares of
Fathers. I thought to have seene this Gentleman
My son to morrow; and she does not refuse him: but —

LYS. It must not be, pardon me vertue, that I begin
An act, will set a stain upon my blushing brow:
Yet I must thorough. Lord PINDARVS, my
Fortunes carry a pardon with them, when
They make me erre in acts of ceremoniall
Decencies, they have bin so heavy and so mighty,
They have bent me so low to th'earth,
I could not cast my face upwards to hope a blessing,
The cause you are perfit in.

PIN.

PIN. 'Tis a noble sorrow, but your deepe Melancholy
Gives it too large a growth.

LYS. Thus all doe presse it; yet had my grieve relation
Onely to my selfe, I would not part them from
My heart and memory they justly doe possesse:
But my father hath no more issue save my selfe,
For to conferre his name and fortunes on.

PIN. Our Greece would mourne if such a glorious
Stocke should end in the most flourishing branch.

LYS. If you doe wish it a continuance, 'tis in your
Power to make it lasting to ages. Since my
MILESIA's death, I have not lov'd a Lady equall
With your HERMIONE, in her I hope to lose
My swolne mis-fortunes, and find out a joy
That may extinguish them: 'tis now no time
To tell her how much I am her servant: for
This Lord here that does pretend to her faire
Graces, before I had declar'd my selfe his
Rivall, perchance you would beleieve me, if
I had said, he no way doth deserve her.

PIN. Where you pretend who can, but Heaven
That design'd a blessing to my child, it had
Beene pride to hope for, hath made her still
Averse to his pretences; but giving her the
Liberty of refusing, I know he is remov'd.

LYS. Thus then to morrow I'll waite on you,
Ladies I am your servant.

Exit.

PIN. My Lord ERGASTO, you see with how much candor
I have embrac'd your love, yet though I doe
Put on a fathers strictnesse in my daughters presence,
I cannot force her to an act whereon
For ever will depend her happinesse.
My house shall still be open to you as my heart.
My businesse calls me, get you home, your servant.

CL. ERGASTO, my Lord ERGASTO, what have you left
Your tongue with your heart?

ER. Is she not strangely faire?

CL. You'll not beleieve me, if I should say the contrary.

ER. D'ee thinke that there are such faces in Elizium?

CL. I'me sure many better go t'other way, if they
Be not marr'd in the Voyage; but doe you
Remember where you are to meet with PHORMIO?

ER. Nor any thing else, her beauty makes me forget
All things that has no Reference to it.

CL. Hey day, if within these two houres, if you doe
Not forget the cause of this forgetfulnesse, I'll
Be an Eunuch, what if the Prince should be your
Rivall? I cannot tell, but my Lord PINDARVS on a
Suddaine fell from his anger, to his daughter, to a
Ceremony, to you might be suspected.

ER. 'Tis a feare that makes me tremble.

E

CL.

CL. Courage man, if you have not lost your
Memory, your remedy is certaine: there
Are more handsome faces will recompence this losse.
Let us meet PHORMIO.

Exeunt.

ACT. 2. SCÆ. 1.

Enter HERMIONE, IRENE, and PHILLIDA.

IRENE.

HAve you sent for the Egyptian Lady?

HER. I have, and she'll be here within this halfe houre.

IR. She speaks our Language.

HER. Her father was of Greece, a wealthy Marchant,
And his businesse enforcing him to leave his
Country, he married a Lady of that place where he liv'd,
Who excellent in the Mystery of devination,
Hath left that knowledge to her daughter,
Enricht with thousand other modest vertues,
As is deliver'd to me by those are frequent with her.

IR. Doe you beleieve what PHILLIDA saith,
Is the voice of all your friends? HER. What ist?

IR. That you shall marry with Prince LYSICLES.

PHI. I heard your Uncle say, the Governour did
Receive it with all appearances of joy, in hope
This match will free him from this deepe Melancholy:
And 'tis determin'd the next feast joynes your hands.

HER. The Grave must be my bed then:
With what harsh fate doth Heaven afflict me,
That all those blessings which make others happy,
Must be my ruine? but if this Ladies knowledge
Shall informe me, that I shall nee're enjoy EVGENIO,
Darknesse shall ceaze mee 're Tapers light,
My blushes to the fore-sworne HYMENS rights.

IR. Why should you labour your disquiet Cozen?
Anticipating thus your knowledge, you will make
Your future sufferings present, and so call
A lasting griefe upon you, which your hopes
Might dissipate till Heaven had made your mind
Strong enough to encounter them.

HER. Deare IRENE, our Stars, whose influence doth governe
Are not malignant to us, but whilst we
Remaine in this false earth: he that hath courage
To deuest himselfe of that, removes with it
Their powers to hurt him; and injured love
Who sees that Fortune would usurpe his power,
I know will not be wanting. Enter ACANTHE
See, the Lady comes. the Moore.

Madam, the excuse that justifies sicke men that
Send for their Physitian, must beg my pardon,
That did not visite you to have this honor. Here you see
A Virgin, that hath long stood the marke of Fortune,

And

And now's so full of misery, that though the gods
 Repented what I suffer, yet I feare
 That they have plung'd me to extreames exceed
 Their owne assistance. Mo. Feare not their power.

HER. I doe not, but their will to helpe me I must doubt,
 For those that know no reason of their hate,
 Must feare it is perpetuall.

And let the Ensignes of their wrath fall on me,
 If ere by any willing act I have
 Provok't their justice: to you now, in whom
 'Tis said, as in their Oracle they speake. I come to
 Know what mighty growth of dangers are decreed me.

Mo. First, dearest Lady, doe not thinke my power
 Greater as my will to serve you, 'tis so weake
 That if you should reley on't, I shall seeme
 Cold in your service, when it does not answer
 What is expected from it, all I know,
 Is but conjectured, for our Stars encline,
 Not force us in our actions. Let me observe your face.

HER. Doe, and if yet you are not perfit in your Mysteries,
 Observe mine well, and when you meet a face
 Branded with such a line, conclude it miserable:
 When an eye that doth resemble this,
 Teach it to weepe betimes, that so being lost,
 It may not see those miseries must be his onely object. *The*
 Are my misfortunes of that horrid shape, *Moore*
 That the meere speculation doth affright *starts.*
 Those whose compassion onely it concernes?
 I that must stand the stroakes then, what defence
 Shall I prepare against them? yet a hope
 That they be ripen'd now to fall on me,
 Lightens a desperate joy to my darke soule.
 For the last dart shall be embraced
 As remedy, to cure my former wounds.

Mo. 'Tis not that, I was surpriz'd in considering I must
 Partake of all your fortunes, for our ascendants
 Threaten like danger to us both.

HER. Are then my miseries growne infectious too,
 Must that be added? pardon me gentle Lady this sad crime.
 I must account amongst my secret faults:
 I meant no more but to communicate,
 Not part my sorrowes with you.

Mo. Would you could, with what great willingnesse
 Should I embrace a share of what afflicts you.
 I'de hast to meet and ease you of your feares.
 Now if to one whose interest doe force her
 To advance your hopes, you dare deliver
 The cause of your disquiet, you shall find
 A closet, if not a fort, to vindicate your feares.

HER. You shall know all. I have exchang'd my heart
 With a yong Gentleman's now banished

His Country and my hopes, his rivall labours
To make me his, my Father resolute,
I should consent, till Fortune changed, but
Lessened not my sufferings; for our Prince
LYSICLES ruins me with the honour of his search.

Mo. Does EVGENIO know you love him? HER. No.

Mo. Why does he doubt it?

HER. A womanish scorne to have my love reveal'd,
Made me receive his declaration of it,
As an affront unto my honour.

And when he came to take his leave,
I left him in the opinion I would obey my Father.

Mo. I've heard as much; but contradictions
In the Princes actions doe amaze me:
They say he loves your friend, and labours now
For to recall him, and that every Night
He courts his former flame, hid in the ashes
Of his lost Mistrresse.

HER. By this judge how miserable I am:
That my malignant Starres force them to change
Nature and Vertue too, that else would shine,
Unmoved like the Starre, that does direct
The wandering Sea-men: must then Nature change,
And will not Fortune cease to persecute?
Good gods, I will submit to all but breach of faith.

Mo. They will not heare us Madam, unlesse we
Contribute to their aide our best indeavours.

I have thought a way may for a time secure you;
You must dissemble with the Prince, and seeme
To love ERGASTO.

'Tis not impossible, but he seeing you
Preferre one so beneath him, may provoke
A just neglect from him; then for ERGASTO,
Besides the time you gaine, there may succeed
A thousand waies to hinder his pretence.

HER. Can my heart e're consent my tongue should say,
I am to any other but EVGENIO?
No my deare Love, though cruell Fate hath sever'd
My vow'd embraces, yet hath Death Ice enough
To fright all others from them.

Mo. I see Love is a Child still, what a trifle
Doth now disturbe him: You will not get your health
O'th price of saying you are sicke; I know
There is another remedy more proportion'd for your disease,
But not for you that suffer, which is this:
Tell the Prince that you're engag'd, but he
That broke with vowes and friendship, for your love,
Will not desist for such suppos'd slight lets,
And then your Father will force you to his will.

HER. If the Prince leave me, it is most certaine
He'll use his power to make me take ERGASTO.

Mo.

Mo. Those that in dangers that doe presse them nearly,
Will not resolve,
Upon some hazard, and give leave to chance
To governe what our knowledge cannot hinder,
Must sit still, and waite their preservation from a miracle.

HER. I am determin'd, for knives, fire, and Seas shall lose
Their qualities, ere Fate shall make me his:
And if Death cannot be shun'd, I'll meet it boldly.

Enter IRENE.

IR. Cozen, the Prince is come to see you.

Mo. Good Madam use some meanes that I may speake
With him before he goes; my heart doth promise
I shall doe something in your service, and
Be sure when he first speakes of love, seeme not
To understand him. — Exit. Enter LYSIOLES.

LY. Madam, I have beg'd leave of your Noble Father,
To offer up my selfe a servant to your vertues.

HER. It is a grace our family must boast of,
That you descend to visit those that stile
Themselves your creatures, made such by your goodnesse,
Which we can onely pay by frequent praiers,
That your Line may last, as glorious to
Posterity, as your now living fame is.

LY. Madam, you were not wont, by a feigned praise,
To scorne those that admire you; or would you thus
Insinuate what I should be, by telling
Me I am, what I must ever aime at.

HER. Were there proportion 'twixt our birthes my Lord,
'I would ill become a Virgins mouth to utter
How much you doe deserve, that will excuse,
When I shall say, our Greece ne're saw your equall.

LY. I did not thinke I ever could be mov'd
With my owne praise, but now my happinesse
So much depends, that you shall truely thinke
What now you utter of me; that I glory
My actions are thus favour'd by your judgement.

HER. VVe must forget our safeties, and the gods,
VVhose Instrument you were of our deliverance,
When we are silent of the mighty Debt
This Kingdome owes your courage.

LY. This declaration of your favouring me, will plead
My pardon, if I doe omit the Ceremoniall circumstance,
Which usually makes way for this great truth
I now must utter. Madam, I doe love
Your vertues with that adoration,
That the all-seeing Sunne does not behold
A Lady that I love with equall ardour.
Our friends have most power over us, both
Doe second my desires of joyning us
In the sacred tye of Marriage.

HER. My Lord, I thought at first how ill my words

Became

Became a Virgin; but give 'em the right fence
 They were design'd, which was to speake you truly,
 Not with a flatt'ring ambition:
 They might engage you to the love of one
 So farre unequall, if I have ever gain'd
 Any thing on your goodnesse, I'll not lose it
 By foolishly aspiring to that height,
 You must in honour dispossesse me of
 When I was seated: Marry you my Lord!
 The King, our neighbour Princes, all good men
 Must curse me as a staine to those great vertues
 You're the single Lord of; if you speake this to try
 What easie conquest you can make of all,
 You faintly but pretend to, I'll confesse
 The weakenesse of our Sexe, who would be prouder
 Onely to have the shewes of your affection,
 Than reall loves of any they can hope
 With Justice to attaine to. **LY.** What ever I deserve,
 The gods have largely recompenc'd my intent
 Of doing vertuously, if it hath gain'd so much
 Upon your goodnesse, as to make a way for my affection.

HER. My Lord, I do not understand you.

LY. Pardon me dearest Lady, if my words
 Too boldly doe deliver what my actions
 And frequent services should first have smooch'd
 The way they are to take, my Happinesse
 So nearely is concern'd, you shall approve
 Me for your Servant, that I trembling haist,
 To know what rigours or what joyes expect me.
 But ere you doe begin to speake my Fate,
 Know whom you doe condemne, or whom make happy:
 One, that when misery had made so wretched,
 That it raviht his desires to change,
 Whose eyes were turned inward on his griefe,
 Pleas'd with no object but what caus'd their teares,
 Your beauty onely rais'd from his darke seate
 Of circling sorrowes, lighting me a hope
 By you I might receive all happinesse,
 The gods have made my heart capacious of.

HER. Good my Lord, give me leave againe to say,
 I dare not understand you, you are too noble
 To glory in the conquest of a heart
 That ever hath admir'd you, and to thinke
 You can so farre forget your Birth and Vertue,
 As to beleve me fit to be your Wife,
 Were a presumption, that swelling pride
 Must be the father of, which never yet
 My heart could be ally'd to: continue Prince,
 Be the example of a constant love,
 And let not your MILESIA's ashes shrink
 With a new piercing cold, which they will fee
 I sh'instent, that your heart shall be consenting

To

To any new affection; and give me leave to say,
Your mind can ne're admit a noble Love,
If it hath banisht hers your memory.

LY. Must that be argument of cruelty,
Which should be cause of pittie? And will you
Assume the Patronage of envious Fortune
By adding torments unto her affliction?
Must I be miserable in loosing you,
Because the gods thought me unworthy her?
Did I so easily digest her death,
That I want pittie, and am thought unworthy
Of all succeeding love?
Witnesse my losse of joyes, if sorrow could
Have kill'd me, I had not liv'd to ~~see~~ your mercy.

HER. Protect me Verme,
Pardon me my Lord, I know your griefes
How great and just they are, and onely meant
By mentioning MILESA, to confesse
How much unworthy I am to succeed her
In your affection, which though you bent
As low as I durst raise my selfe to reach,
'Twere now impiery for me to graspe,
I being no more my owne disposer.

LY. Ha, what Fate hath ta'ne you from your selfe?

HER. The Lord ERGASTO's importunnie,
Whom though at first no inclination
Of mine made me affect his vowes,
Hath vanisht my determination,
I finding nothing in my selfe deserving
The constancy of his affection to me,
Besides my Fathers often urging me
To make my choice obeying his commands,
And threatening misery, if I declin'd the least,
Knowing his violent nature, I consented
To a contract 'twixt me and the Lord ERGASTO.

LY. Oh the prophesies of my unjust feates how true,
My heart fore-told you!
Madam, it cannot be you should affect
One that hath no desert, but what you give,
By making him a part of you, my hopes
Though alwaies blasted, could not apprehend
A feare from him: I should be happy yet,
If any worthy love shadowed my shame
Of being refus'd by you.

HER. Give not my want of power to serve your Grace,
The cruell Title of refusing you.
Your merits are so great, you may assure
Your selfe of all you can desire that's possible
To grant, whom thousand worthier than my selfe
Would kneele to.
By my life, if my Faith were not given, I would

Here offer up my selfe to be dispos'd by you.
Though no ambitious pride could flatter me,
You could descend to raise me to your height.

LY. Must this be added to my former griefes?
That in the instant you professe to pittie
What I must suffer in your losse; your vertue,
For which I admire you, must exclude
My hopes of ever changing your resolves:
Yet let my vowes gaine thus much of you,
That for a Month you will not marry him;
I know your Father will not force you to't,
For he not knowing what hath pass'd betweene you,
Consented to this visit.

HER. By all things holy this I sweare to doe,
Though violent Diseases should endose me
Till the Priest joyn'd our hands; yet if you please
Let not my Father know, but he's the cause,
I dare not looke upon the mightie blessing
Your love doth promise.

LY. May I not know the reason?

HER. That he may know, that this unquestion'd power
Hath forc'd me to that errour, which himselfe,
And I, must ever mourne unpittied.

LY. Now you throw Oyle upon the wound you make:
I may be ignorant of all things else,
But of my want of merit to deserve
I am most perfect in: be happy Lady,
He that enjoys you shall not neede that praier:
My Fathers businesse calls me.

HER. Let me intreate you, that you'll see a Lady,
Whose vertues doe deserve the honour of our knowledge.

LY. What is shee?

HER. An Egyptian Lady, lately come to *Cirrha*.

LY. I have heard of her; they say she knowes our
Actions past, and future.

HER. When you know her, you will beleeve me,
That vertue chose that darke inhabitation,
To hide her Treasure from the envious world.
Ile call her to your Grace.

Enter ACANTHE.

HER. Madam, this is the Prince.

He salutes her.

MO. You neede not tell me it, though this be the first
Time that I saw him since I came to *Cirrha*,
His Fame doth make him knowne to all that are
Remotest from him.

LY. My miseries indeede have made it great;
For all things else I should be more
Beholding unto silence, than the voice

Of my most partiall friends: Why doe you gaze upon me so?

MO. Have you not lately lost a Lady that did love you dearly?

LY. If you doe measure time by what I suffer,
My undiminish'd griefe tells me but now:

But

But now I lost her, if the sad Minutes,
That have oppress'd me since the fatall stroake,
It is an age eternity of torments I have felt.

Mo. Good Sir, with-draw a little, I shall deliver
What you beleeve, none know besides my selfe. *They whisper.*

Ly. Most true it is, what god that heard our
Vowes hath told it you?

But if your eies pierce farther in their secrets
Than our weake fancies can give credit to,
Tell me if where she is, she can discern and know my actions?

Mo. Most perfectly she does, and mournes your losse of faith,
That now beginne after so many vowes,
So many oathes you would be onely hers,
To thinke of a new choise.

Ly. This may be conspiracy. Ile trie it further.

Mo. Had you beene snacht from her, and for her sake
Murther'd, as she for you, your Urnes cold ashes
Should have hid her fire of faithfull love.

Pardon me my Lord.

Her injur'd spirit inspires me with this boldnesse.

Ly. I am certaine, this is no inspiration of the gods,
It cannot be she should consent, my faith
Should be the ruine of my name and memory,
Which necessarily must follow, if vertuous love
Did not continue it to future ages.

Mo. Fame of a constant lover will eternize it
More than a numerous issue; would you heare
Her selfe expresse her sorrow?

Ly. If I should desire it, it were impossible.

Mo. You conclude too fast: if this night you'll come
Unto her Tombe, you there shall see her. *(come)*

Ly. Though she bring Thunder in her hand, I will not faile to
And though I cannot credit that your power can procure it,
My hope's it should be so, will overcome my reason.
Ladies, I am your servant. *Exit.*

Mo. Madam, I cannot stay to know particulars,
Of what hath pass'd betwixt you and the Prince:
Onely tell me how he relisht your saying, you
Were promis'd to ERGASTO?

HER. Respects to one I seem'd to have made choise of
Made him forbear his Character:
But shall not I be punish'd seeming to prefer;
One so unworthy both to EVGENIO, and this noble Prince?

Mo. The gods give us permission to be false,
When they exclude us from all other waies,
Which may preserve our faith.
Longer I dare not stay, I am your servant. *Exeunt.*

Enter ERGASTO, CLEON, FORMIO.

ER. Now we are met, what shall we doe to keep us together?

PH. Let's take some argument may last an houre of mirth.

CL. If you'le have ERGASTO be of the parley, it must
Be of the Ladies, for he is desperately in love.

PH. If the disease grow old in him, I'll pay the physician;
But be it so, and let it be lawfull to change as often as we will.

ER. What the Ladies?

PH. The discourse, of them, and themselves too, if we
Could arrive to it: but what is she you love?

ER. One that I would sacrifice halfe my life,
To have but a weekes enjoying of.

PH. At these games of love we set all; but the best is,
We cannot stake, and there's no losse of credit in the breaking.

CLEON, hast thou seene him with his Mistresse?

CL. Yes; and he stands gazing on her, as if he were begging
Of an Almes.

PH. 'Tis not ill done; but does he not speake to her?

CL. Never, but in Hyperbolies; tels her, her eyes are Stars,
Which Astronomers should onely study to know our Fate by.

PH. 'Tis not amisse, if she have neither of the extreames.

CL. What doe you intend?

PH. I mean, neither so ill favoured, as to have
No ground for what we say, for their beleefe
Will hardly enter; nor so handsome, as to have
It often spoken to her: For your indifferent beauries
Are those whom flattery surpriseth, there being
So naturall a love and opinion of our selves,
That we are adapted to beleefe that men are rather
Deceived in us, than abuse us.

ER. Your limitation takes away much of my answer:
But grant all that you say, I have no hope of
Obtaining my Mistresse.

PH. Then thou hast yet a yeare of happinesse:
But why I prethee?

ER. She is so deserving, she thinkes none worthy
Of her affections, and so can love none.

PH. You have more cause to doubt, that she will never
Affect you, than that already she is not in love:

What a yong handsome Lady, that carries the flame of her heart
in her cheeks, not have yet seen any one to desire? 'tis impossible.

ER. I was of your minde, till I had experience
Of the contrary.

PH. Conceites of your selfe, makes you of the opinion
I mention'd: You thinke 'tis impossible for all men,
What you cannot attaine to; what Arts
Have you us'd to gaine her?

CL. He knowes none but distilling sighes
At the Altar of her beauty.

PH. If he be subject to that frenzie, I will
Counsell him to take any Trade upon him
Rather than that of Love.

ER. And doe you thinke there is any thing fitter
To call downe affection than submission?

PH. Nothing more opposite for languishing transports ;
Whinings and Melancholy makes us more laught at,
Than belov'd of our Mistresses ; and with reason :
For why should we hope to deserve their favours,
When we confesse we merit not a lawfull esteeme of our selves?

CL. I have knowne some their Mistresses have forsaken,
Onely because they were certaine the world tooke notice
They were deeply in love with them.

PH. And they did wisely ; for the victory being got,
They were to prepare for a new Triumph, and
Not like your City Officers, ride still with the
Same Liveries. Some I confesse, have miscarry'd
In it, but 'twas because their provision of
Beauty was spent before they came to composition.

ER. Thou wer't an excellent foole in a chamber, if you
Continue, you'll be so in a Comedie : Dost beleeve
Thau canst swagger them out of their loves ?

PH. Sooner than soften their hearts by my teares,
And though a River should run through me,
I would seale up my eies, before a drop should
Come that way : for our unmanly submissions
Raise them to that height, that they thinke
We are largely favour'd, if they hearken to us with contempt.

ER. 'Tis safer they should do so, than hate us for our insolence.

PH. If thou hast ever beene us'd to talke sence,
I should wonder at thee now : why I should
Sooner hope to gaine a Lady after the Murther
Of her familie, than after she had an opinion
I deserv'd to be slighted by her.

CL. 'Fore VENUS he talkes with Authority : I know
Not well what he has said, but methinkes
There is something in it: pray thee let's hearken to him.

PH. Doe ; and if I doe not dispossesse you of all your
Opinions, let me be —

ER. You must deale by enchantment then ; for I am
Resolv'd to sticke to my conclusions.

PH. 'Tis the best hold-fast your foolish Devill has ;
But strong reasons shall be your Exorcisme.
Tell me first what is she you love ?

ER. Would I could.

PH. Then for all thy jesting, there's some hope
Thou art yet in thy wits.

ER. You mistake me, I meane I could not tell, because
No Tongue can speake her to her merit.

PH. Heyda, if the Ballad of the Rose and the Honey-combe
Doe not doe it more than she deserves, or almost any woman,
Let me be condemn'd to sing the funerals of Parrars.

CL. Would the Ladies heard you.

PH. They would beleieve me, though they would be
Sorry your Honours should ; but what, this love
Has it transform'd us all ? CLON, you can tell
Who tis he thus admires :

CL. Yes, and will; 'tis HERMIONE, PINDARVS his heire.

PH. What EPICETVS in a petti-coate? she that disputes love into nothing, or what's worse, a friendship with a woman?

CL. The same, and I know you'll confesse shee's deserving.

PH. Yes, but the mischief is, shee'll ne're thinke so Of him: If POLYGAMY were in fashion, I would Periwade him to marrie her, to be Governesse to the rest, But not till then, wouldst thou be content To lye with a Statue, that will never confesse more of love, Than suffering the effects of thine?

CL. And have his liberties in the discourse of her friends, That her retirednesse may be more magnified.

PH. Beleeve me ERGASTO, these severe beauties, that Are to be look'd on with the eyes of respect, Are not for us: we must have them that love to Be prais'd more for faire Ladies, than judicious.

ER. You mistake me gentlemen, I chuse for my self, not for you.

PH. Faith for that, who ever marries, must sacrifice To Fortune, and she, whose wisdom makes her Snow to you, may be Fire to another: Some odde Wrinkled fellow, that conquers her with wit, May throw her on her backe with reason. Take This from the Oracle, that for the generall Calamity of Husbands, all women are reputed Vicious, and for the quiet of particulars, Every one thinks his wife the Phoenix.

ER. You have met with rare Fortunes.

PH. Calumnie is so generall, that Truth has lost Her credit: But to th' purpose, what Rivalls? what hopes?

CL. A potent Rivall takes away all; LYSICLES does woe her.

PH. Good night, I will dispute it no more, whether thou Shouldst have her, or no; for now I conclude, it is impossible.

ER. I had her Fathers firm consent before he declar'd himselfe.

PH. Though thou hadst hers too, be wise, and dispaire Betimes: In this point Women are Common-wealths, And are oblig'd to their faiths no farther Than the safety and honour of the State is Concern'd: If thou wer't the first example, I Would excuse thee for being the first cozen'd. But stay, who's here?

Enter PHILLIDA vail'd, beckons to ERGASTO.
O my conscience, an Embassage from some of Your kind Mistresses, that would faine take their Leaves before you goe to captivity.

ER. Is't possible?

PHI. She desires you to see her, and beleeve that ambition Cannot gaine more upon her than your affection.

ER. Take this Ring, and this.

PHIL. I dare not Sir.

ER. I'll pay thy Dowry then within this halfe houre; I'll waite on her.

Exit PHILLIDA.

CL. From what part of the Towne came this faire day In a Cloud, that makes you looke so cheerefully?

ER.

ER. Alas Gentlemen, I was borne to know nothing
Of love, but sighes and despaires.
I can be servant to none that have the election of two.

CL. Unriddle, unriddle.

HER. 'Twas the servant of HERMIONE that came to
Have me waite upon her Lady.

CL. PHORMIO, what doe you thinke of this?

PH. I wo'not thinke at all, for feare I judge amisse.
The Mazes of a woman are so intricate, no
Precept can secure us: yet this I am resolv'd on,
Shee will not love you. CL. Why sent she for him then?

PH. The Divell that advis'd her can tell you, they
Will not lose a servant whilst he lives,
Though they command him to be muredred: 'tis the
Woman Art, if they perceive a lover to desist
Through feare, distrust, or harsher usage, they
Open him the Heaven of their beauty, in smiles,
And yeelding lookes, and with their eyes doe melt
The Ice of doubts their feares contracted: perhaps
Prince LYSICLES spurs coldly, whilst he rides
Alone, and you must straine to make him goe
The faster: EVGENIO too was servant to your
Mistresse, and LYSICLES and he parted good friends.
Should I thinke all the waies they have to cozen
Us, 'twere endlesse: but Ile along with you,
And ghesse at more. *Exeunt.*

ACT. 3. SCÆ. 1.

Enter HERMIONE, IRENE, PINDARVS following.

PIN. Tell my Lord LYSICLES, I wil attend him in the walks.
Where's this ungratefull child, whom the just gods
Have curs'd so much, they will not let her take
The blessings they doe offer? (pitty.)

HER. Here Sir, on her knees, begging your pardon, or your

PIN. Canst thou hope either from my injur'd patience,
Vext by thy folly into rage and madnesse,
What colour now to cover disobedience?
Is LYSICLES unworthy? or your knowledge,
Does it pierce farther than the eyes of all
Into EVGENIO's vertues? I tremble
When I thinke thou maist have cause
To know him to thy shame: doe not confesse it,
By the just gods if I doe come to know it,
Ile sacrifice thee on thy Mothers Tombe.

HER. What secret sinne calls downe this punishment?
That I should be accused of a fault
I dare not heare the sound of. Adde not Sir
Suspitions of new crimes unto your rage;
The faults I have committed are enough to arme
Your Justice; bring me to the Tombe, H And

And kill me there, my Mothers Ghost will smile
To see my blood shed to preserve my faith.

PIN. Your faith? HER. Yes Sir:
Nor is my disobedience so swolne,
As you endear it by your passion:
I now obey your generall commands,
Of doing vertuously in loving him
You did applaud, whilst my poore brother liv'd.

PIN. But you are not the same, 'twas never meant
He should enjoy you if your brother died.

HER. I was not made acquainted with so much,
But strengthened by your approbation,
Gave up my will to his, and voves to heaven
To know no other man for husband.

PIN. Nor I no childe, if you continue thus:
Nor will I argue more to make you doubt,
I am not resolute in my intents:
A live or dead Ile give thee in the hands of LYSICLES.

HER. Good gods, if you are mov'd with teares, grant
This a tryall onely of the weake proportion
Of vertue you have lent me, not the overthrow.

IR. How is it dearest Cozen?

HER. As with a Martyr, almost as much pleas'd with
Knowledge what I dare to suffer for EVGENIO,
As griev'd with my affliction: Fortune in her
Malice has given me yet a field to exercise
My faith and love to him I doe adore.

IR. Whilst you beleve you have such cause to grieve,
All comforts seeme importunate, but yet Prince LYSICLES—

HER. But what? Forbear, I feare thy thoughts
Are poyson'd, which thou wouldst faine infuse
To wound my constancy.

IR. Sure there is Magick in that my slycke name,
It could not else divide us from our reason:
What Law, what faith can binde us to remove
Love of our selves, and reverence to our parents?
You must forgive this, your EVGENIO,
If he were here, must speake as I doe now,
Granting his love be great as his profession,
For that must have reflexion on your peace,
Not bargaining for his owne happinesse
With the price of the intire destruction
Of yours: what ist you feare report?
It will reproach your being obstinate,
Or breach of faith: D'ee feare?
The gods for you have made it not a fault,
Proposing such an object as Prince LYSICLES.

HER. Who ever had a misery like mine?
All that are griev'd have yet the liberry
And ease of their complaints, or pittying friends,
I am excluded both, for my misfortune

Is masqu'd with happinesse, and if I grieve
Such comforts as we give to those complaine
Of being too rich, have I smiles of contempt.

IR. If it be thus, retire into your reason,
And for a time forget your passion.
D'ee thinke that all the names of vertue shrinke
Into the sound of constancy? Must this
Make you forget the debt that you doe owe
Unto your Father, friends, and to your selfe;
Their houses honour, and your happinesse,
Is **LYSICLES** lesse worthy than his Rival?

HER. No more, their vertues that exceeds all other mens,
In them are equall.

IR. But yet their fortune is not.

HER. 'Tis confess'd: nor never any man had juster claime
Than he against her, rich in all vertues,
That make men desir'd: her narrow hand
Excludes him, unwonted to bestow
Her treasure there where an excessse of merit
Would make her gifts but seeme the pay of vertue,
Not favours of her partiall love. **Enter ACANTHE**
Oh you are welcome. Here behold a **Rocke** (the **Moore**)
That stands the shame of the impetuous windes,
And the swolne Seas.

MO. Has there beene any new stormes since I went?

HER. O yes, and more endangering songs of Syrens:
A flourishing Land propos'd, on which I might
Have shipwrackt with delight.

MO. I thinke I understand you. **HER. You must needs:**
It was Prince **LYSICLES** presented in his lustre,
'Gainst whom I arm'd the vertues of my friend,
And my owne faith irresolute to whom
The victory should yeeld: at last I left
My heart, the prize, to both divided.

MO. To both divided?

HER. Yes, the Prince hath the adoration of my heart,
EVGENIO the love.

MO. What Fires, what Seas must your **EVGENIO** passe,
To make him worthy you? me thinkes I feeke
His soule sigh for a tryall of his faith.

HER. We both have had satiety of that:
But can you bring no comfort? have the gods
Shut up their Oracles, as well as mercy?
Though they will give no ease, they might advise,
That we may put off misery by death.

MO. They seldome let us know what is to come,
That we may still implore their aide to helpe us:
Yet something I can tell, if hope or force
Shall make you deviate from your resolve,
You are the subject of their hate: or if
You measure your or their affection
By merit, or advantages of fortune,

You are the marke of all disasters.

HER. I have complain'd unjustly of the gods,
They favour me so much, they doe applaud
My resolution for EVGENIO.

Merits in others, I will close my eyes
From the blest Sunne, before they shall take in
An object that may startle my firme faith.

MO. Be constant, and be happy, when you meet
With opposition that may shake your judgement.

Remember what affliction 'tis to weepe

A fault irreparable, and thinke not

Reason can pacifie your fathers rage:

You must oppose your passion unto his,

And love will be victorious, being the noblest:

To morrow I will bring more certaine counsell.

Exit.

HER. Where cannot vertue dwell? what a still shade
Hath shee found out to live securely in

From the attempts of men? Come my IRENE,

Though thou hast spoken treason against my love,

Cause thine did produce it, I must thanke thee.

Let's in, and fortifie our selves with some sad tale

Of those, whose perjur'd loves have made them live

Hated, and dye most miserable.

Enter IRENE and PHILLIDA.

PH. If I should weepe as my Lady does, for all the
Servants I have lost?

IR. Thou wouldst weepe in thy grave PHILLIDA: yet the
Worst is, thou wilt lose more within this seven
Yeares, than thou hast got in ten: for men are
Changeable sweete PHILLIDA.

PH. And our faces were not 'twere no matter,
They should make haste, or we she should overtake them,
Or prevent them; a commodity of beauty that
Would last forty yeares would beare a good price Madam.

IR. By *Venus* would it PHILLIDA, as high as that of honour.

PH. But is not my Lady a strange woman to weepe
Thus for one servant, when she has another in
His place? for my part, I could never finde such
Differences in men to be sad when I had any.

IR. And thy word may be taken as soone as any wenches
In *Greece*, or there be slanderers in the world:
But she affects constancy.

PH. Some ill-favour'd woman, that meant to preserve
Her last purchase which her want of beauty
Forfeited, invented that name.

IR. Th'art in the right PHILLIDA, this inconstancy is
A Monster without teeth, for it devoures none,
Make no Sonne weare happy mourning, nor
Mother childlesse: and for my part, I am of
Opinion that the gods give a blessing to it, for
None live happier, than those that have greatest
Abundance of it.

PH.

PH. What is got by this whining constancy, but the losse
Of that beauty for one servant, which would procure us
The Vowes, Sacrifice, and service of a thousand?

IR. Enough of this; wer't thou with *Ergasto*?

PH. Yes, and told him that my Lady sent for him:
But to what intent did you make me lye?

IR. Thou art so good natur'd, that thou wilt pardon
Such a trifle for one Reason, but I have two:
The first is, I would faine speake with him,
The other knowing my Cozen to be in an ill humour,
If he presse to see her, I hope she will give him such an answer,
That he shall never dare to speake to her more.

PH. These men have lesse reason than Mice, they would
Know else how to shift places, and shelter themselves
From a storme. If I were a man, and lost the happinesse
Of seeing my Mistresse two daies, I should
Lose the desire the third: Doe you sigh
Madam? you are in love too?

IR. As far as goes to sighing, but no dying for their breeches.

PH. I'll be your Compurgator for the handle of a Fan:
I know many love has brought into the world,
But let out none: has he pierc'd you, ha?

IR. Oh no, my skin was alwaies prooffe against his Dart;
But he once found me laughing, and so thrust it
Downe to my heart.

PH. Looke to it, though 'tis but a little weapon, but
I have knowne it make greater swellings than
The sting of a Bee. Doe you long for a man?

IR. Yes, a Husbandman, and let the gods after take care
For my children.

PH. You'll find enow to doe it: is the Moore still with
My Lady?

IR. I left her with her.

PH. 'Tis a shame such people should be suffered
Neere the Court.

IR. Why prethee?

PH. As 'tis, there be so many inquisitive Rascalls,
That we have much adoe to keepe matters secret;
But if in dispite of our care they be devulg'd,
We shall be defamed on the exchanges.

IR. Thou hast reason, but shee is secret as the night the re-

PH. Is she? I would faine aske her one question:
But, 'tis no matter, 'tis but taking Physick at the worst.

IR. If thou talk 'st a little longer, I shall guesse as much
As she knowes: but who's here?

Ergasto, Formio, Cleon, talking
at the doore.

PHO. Ne're fright me with the lightning of her eies:
On me she may open or shut her eies as she please,
But my happinesse is not at her disposing.

CL. If thou prov'st a Lover, my next Song is begun.

PHO. I will not deny but I may love her if she please:
But if she be not pleas'd with my love, if it continue
Two Houres, I'll give her leave to tye me to her Monkey.

CL. Looke, *Ergasto* has found two of the Ladies,
And has set his face to begin to them.

PHO. In Verse, or prose?

CL. We shall heare, if we draw nearer: a good evening Ladies.

IR. We thanke you my Lords, but if we were superstitious,
Your company were no good Omen.

PH. Why I beseech you?

ER. Nay, I am no Expositor, you come my Lord,
To see my Cousin *Hermione*? ER. I doe Madam,
And should be proud to heare I live in her memory.

IR. Can you doubt it? I'll assure you, you doe, she's
Never troubled with any thing, but you presently
Are call'd into the comparison with it; her Teeth
Cannot ake, but she sweares it is almost as great a vexation
As your love: if any dye out of her pittie to save the teares
Of a few mourners, she wishes it were you.

ER. If I heard her desire it, she should quickly have her wish.

IR. She would be glad on't to my conscience, though
The scruple of having you doe any thing for her sake
Would trouble her a little, yet I can teach you
To make advantage of all this.

PH. What advantage my delicate sweet Lady?

IR. A very great one Sir: For first beleeve
He desires nothing more, than to be assured
She esteemes him for her Servant.

PH. Right; but does this usage shew it?

IR. Most evidently: for being thus severe to none else,
'Tis manifest she confesseth a power over him, and paies
His Services with this coine of scorne and contempt,
And having her stampe upon't, he is bound to accept it.

CL. What thinke you of this *Phormio*?

PHO. A most excellent Girle, would she were poore.

CL. Why poore? PHO. She would live rarely by her

CL. What? PH. Wit, I would be a good customer.

IR. 'Twould please you to heare with what Arguments
She justifies this cruelty, and sweares it is not
Revenge enough for spoyling her good nature.

ER. I, her good nature.

PHO. Nay, let her goe on, I'll hearken an Age.

IR. Yes, you, by suffering her undeserved scorne, have bred
Such a delight and habite of it in her, that she
Can hardly forbear it, when she strives to be
Complaisant to her best friends; and to say truth,
We are all endangered by such as you, when we see
That frownes procure us knees, and kind usage
Scarce gets us two good morrows.

PHO. If ever there were a Sibyll at sixteene, this Lady is one.
By

By this day you have a high place in my heart.

IR. In your heart?

PHO. Nay, dispise it not, you'll find good company there.

IR. But I love to be alone.

PHO. And I would faine meere you when you are so.
Will you give me leave to speake with your Scholler?

IR. If you be his friend, teach him to be wise.

PHO. For your sake I will doe all I can: ERGASTO,
Wilt thou be happy? Marry this Lady: Wilt thou be
Reueng'd on thy proud Mistresse? marry her:
Wilt thou be sure to Father wife children? doe as I bid thee.

ER. I will deale truely with thee; she has taken
My heart out of HERMIONE keeping.

PH. Be thankfull, and bestow it upon her in recompence:
She will accept it, doubt not; she has taken such paines
To redeeme it: looke how she casts her eies upon thee:
Shee's thine owne for ever, and has beene long.

ER. I am desperately in love.

PH. Marrie, and get out of it; there may be some little straining
At the first offer of the present, but if she send not for it
Before you get home, Ile ne're trust my eies more.

ER. Ile attempt it, let what will follow.

PH. Be confident, and prosper.

ER. Madam, what would you expect from him
You had redeem'd from captivity?

IR. The disposing of his liberty.

ER. 'Tis just, but this may be no great favour to the slave;
If his misery be onely alred, not lessen'd.

PH. You are little curious; why doe you aske who
This concernes? well, I'll tell you, you have redeem'd
ERGASTO, and he kneeles to know your commands.

Whil'st he kneeles, *Hermione* and the Moore
looke downe from the window.

MO. You may beleeve her Madam, she loves him;
Now you may revenge her, perswading you to leave
EVGENIO, by smiling on *Ergasto*; 'twill advance (descend.
Your Cozens ends too, if you doe as I'll advise you, whilst we

IR. 'Tis festivall to day my Lords, and so I admit
This mirth: but to morrow I will tell you, I am no more
Inclin'd to love than my Cozen *Hermione*.

ER. But you can suffer your selfe to be belov'd?

IR. I thinke I can.

PH. He'll aske no more,
But leave the rest to his respects and services.

IR. But you consider not whom you may offend in this mirth.

ER. I'll ne're consider whom I offend in loving you:
I wish her beauty centupled, that my first Obligation
To you might be, leaving her: by this faire hand
I'll never name any but you for Mistresse.

IR. I may beleeve you, when Time and your actions
Shall tell it me as well as your words.

PHO. You wrong your beauty, to expect an assurance

Hermione
and *Acan-*
the above.

From time, ordinarie faces require it, to perfect
The Impressions they make: yours strikes like lightning,
In an instant; if he did not adore you till now,
You must attribute it to some fascination:
But his judgment clear'd, he will be forc'd
To continue the adoration he has begun.

Enter HERMIONE, MOORE, PHILLIDA, CLEON,
they find ERGASTO kneeling.

PHO. Who's that?

ER. The Moore you heard of.

PHO. I have a strange Capriccio of love enter'd me:
I must Court that shade.

HER. How now my Lord,
Courting another Mistresse? I see I must locke up my winds,
Or you will seeke the nearest harbour.

ER. Excluded by your rigour, Madam, I was intreating
Your foire Cozen to present my vows.

HER. Was it no more?

ER. No more, you cannot doubt it Madam, turne in
Your eyes upon your beauties and perfections, and they
Will tell you, how impossible it is to lose the Empire
They have gain'd upon our hearts and wills:
Fortune and want of merit may make me lose
The hope of your faire graces, but never so much Traitor,
As to pay homage to any other beauty, or change
The resolution I have fix'd to be your servant onely.

HER. I thanke you Sir: my Sexe will be my pardon
If I returne not equall thanks; we thinke if any
Man unit before we license them to part,
They doe usurpe a power is ours by nature: the posture
I found you in, was more than ordinary courtship gives.

ER. You might condemne it, had not you beene the
Cause on't: I never thinke your Name, but with
A Reverence great as I pay the gods; and they
Allow us bending to their Images when we
Transferre our vows: The faire Irene is worthy all,
Have not the hope of you, but whilst you give me leave
To cherish that ambition; I must not owne
So great an injury, as to admit the profer'd love of those
Who are so distant from your merit.

HER. 'Twas unkindly done to undermine me.

ER. In her presence I will confirme this to you.

HER. You shall oblige me since she has wrong'd me:
Irene harke you.

They talke in private.

*After a long whisper, the Moore strives to goe
from Phormio, he holds her.*

PHO. In the name of darknesse, d'ee thinke I am not
In earnest, that you coy it thus?

MO. Forbeare uncivill Lord.

She goes from him.

CL. Do'st thou not see that all the fire is out of the coale?
If thou would'st have it burne, lay thy lips
To the sparke that's left, and blow it into flame.

PH.

PH. What wouldst thou have me doe? CL. Kisse her.

PH. Not for five hundred Crownes.

CL. Wouldst lye with her, and not kisse her?

PH. Yes, and can give reasons for't besides experience,
And when this act is knowne, this resolute
Incourter, rich widdowes of threescore will
Not doubt my prowesse.

*Hermione, Irene, Ergasto breake off
their private talke.*

IR. As I live he swore all this to me.

HE. Hide thee inconstant man, thou art so false
Thy oathes doe serve thee for no other use
But to condemne thee, not to get beleefe:
Be gone, and leave to love, till thou hast found
The way to truth, and let not vanity cozen you
To beleefe that I am mov'd, because you change
A thousand other imperfections
Have made me hate thee: yet I chose this way
To let thee know't, that deprehended with the
Blacke marke upon thee, thou maist not dare
To trouble me againe.

ER. Madam.

HE. There may be some, that for their secret sinnes
The gods will punish making them love you,
Chuse amongst them, *Irene*, I will hope, though she
Be credulous, will learne by this, how far 'tis safe to trust you.

MO. This was well manag'd. PH. What Mountaine
Have you pierc'd, that hath sent forth this wind since I left you?

ER. I have undone my selfe for ever.

PH. As how?

ER. I told *Hermione* I never lov'd *Irene*.

CL. Did she heare it?

ER. Oh yes, it mought have beene forsworne else.

CL. The Divell thou hast?

ER. Aske him, he made me do't.

CL. What course will you take to redeeme your fault?

ER. A precipice, as being asham'd to live any longer.

PH. A halter you shall as soone: come, come, Ile intercede
And be your surety: Looke, she staies to pardon
You, downe on your knees.

*She goes away, Phormio puls her backe, Ergasto kneeles,
holds up his hands, his cloake over his face.*

PH. Oh my sweet Lady, be mercifull like the gods you re-
semble; they have as often pardon in their hands as Thunder:
And the truth is, if they will not forgive this fault of incon-
stancy, they must live alone, or at least without men. This was
the last gaspe of his dying friendship to her,
And now he is entirely yours.

IR. He has not wrong'd me.

PH. Fie, say not so, that's as great an injurie as not
Pardoning him: he has, and shall come naked

To receive his punishment. See he dares not looke
For comfort, let him take it in at his eares.

IR. Pray content your selfe with the time you have
Made me lose, and let me goe.

PH. Never till you pardon him.

IR. I will doe any thing for my release, if he has
Offended me, let him learne hereafter to
Speake truer than he swears; and in time
He may get credit.

PH. 'Tis enough. ER. Is she gone?

PH. Yes. ER. How did she looke?

PH. Faith asham'd, the lov'd you so well, and sorry she
Had no reason to love you better.

PH. 'Tis an excellent Lady.

PH. If I could make Joynters, I would not take this
Paines for your honour. Cleon whither slip you?

CL. After *Phillida*. PH. And what successe?

CL. Pox on't, these waiting women will not deale unlesse
They have earnest in their hands, and I was unprovided.

PH. Away unthrift. *Exeunt.*

Act. 4 SCÆ. I.

Enter LYSICLES.

LY. This is the houre powerfull *Acanthe* promis'd,
I should once more behold my lost *Milesia*.

Pardon me reason, that my wither'd hopes

Rebell against thy force, a happinesse

So mighty is oppos'd unto thy doubts,

That Ile deuest my selfe for ever of thee,

Rather than not beleewe impossibles,

That bring such comforts to my languisht soule.

Haile holy Treasurer of all the wealth

Naturee're lent the world, be still the envy

Of the proud Monuments that doe enclose

The glorious Titles of great Conquerors.

Let no prophane aire pierce thee but my sighes, *MILESA*

Let them have entrance whilst my teares doe warme *rifeth*

Thy colder Marble. — Ha, what Miracle, *like a ghost.*

Are the gods pleas'd to worke to ease affliction?

The *Phoenix* is created from her ashes,

Pure as the flames that made 'em: still the same,

The same *Milesia*! Heaven does confesse in this,

That she can onely adde unto thy beauty,

By making it immortall.

Let it be lawfull for thy *Lyficles*,

To touch thy sacred hand, and with it guide

My wandring soule unto that part of Heaven,

Thy beauty does enlighten.

GHO, Forbeare, and heare me: if you approach, I vanish;
Impious inconstant *Lyficles*, cannot

This

This miracle of my reassuming
 A mortall shape, perswade thee there are gods
 To punish falsehood, that thou still persists
 In thy dissembling: doe not I know
 Thy heart is swolne with vowes thou hast laid up
 For thy *Hermione*, whom thou wouldst perswade,
 Thy narrow heart is capable of love
 By mocking of my ashes, and erecting Tombs to me, which are
 Indeed but Trophies of thy dead conquer'd love and vertue.

LY. No more blest shape:
 I shall not thinke that thou descend'st from Heaven,
 If thou continuest thus in doubt of me;
 Nor can there be a Hell where such formes are.
 The knowledge how thou com'st here, doth disturbe me;
 Yet such a reverence I doe owe thy image,
 That I will lay before thee all my thoughts
 Spotlesse as Truth, then thou shalt tell the shades,
 How Fortune, though it made my love unhappy,
 Could not diminish it, nor presse it one degree
 From the proud height it was arrived to:
 How I did nightly pray to this sad Tombe,
 Bringing and taking fire of constant love
 From the cold ashes, how when incompast
 With thousand horrors Death had beene a rest,
 I did preferre a loath'd life to revenge my selfe,
 And her upon the murderer.

GHO. I shall desire to live if this be true;
 Nothing can adde a comfort where I am,
 But the assurance of your love: I know
 Faith is not tyed to passe the confines
 Of this life, yet *Hermione's* happinesse
 Does trouble me: You'le thinke I lov'd
 You living, when dead, I am jealous of you.

LY. *Milesia*, againe blest Saint, now I am sure thou art
 What thou resemblest, and do'st know my secret thought.
 But as the gods, of which thou art a part,
 Art not content with our hearts sacrifice,
 Unlesse our words confesse it: heare me then,
 If my thoughts e're consented to replant
 My love, may your dire Thunder light
 Upon my head, and sinke it downe so low,
 I may not see thy glories; I confesse
 My words have sacrific'd to Deities,
 I ne're ador'd those staines of love,
 My teares and friendship to the best of men,
 I hope I have cancell'd for my *Eugenio*:
 I did pretend a love unto *Hermione*,
 Who else had sold her selfe unto the rage
 Of her offended Father; had you liv'd,
 You would have pardon'd, when infidelity
 But personated did preserve a faith
 So holy as theirs was, this is my fault.

GHO. My glory and my happinesse.

LY. Yet this as oft I wept as I was forc'd
(For his deare cause) to injure sacred love,
Yet durst not but decline his severe Lawes,
When my friends life excus'd the pious error.

GHO. Did you suspect her, that you conceal'd this from her?

LY. There is but one MILESIA, besides,
If true, I meant her feares should aide
My false disguise, which her quick-sighted Father
Would else have pierc'd, who hates EVGENIO,
And loves no vertue but what shines through wealth.

LY. My best, best LYSICLES, I am againe in love,
Thy holy flame doth lend me light to see
My clos'd fires; why did not Fate give me
So large a field to exercise my Faith?
I envy thee this tryall, and would be
Expos'd to dangers, that have yet no name,
That I might meet thy love with equall merit.

LY. The cause takes all away, and want of power
Excuseth what I cannot yet expresse too much of me,
But how our loves came to so sad a period,
As yet in clouds I have onely seene,

(ration.

GHO. My Uncles cruelty and hate of you procur'd our sepa-

LY. But how knew he our loves? though torment since
Have wrung it from me, my joyes ever flow'd silent and calme.

GHO. I know it, but we were betray'd
By one that serv'd me, and the doubts confirm'd
By the Moore you spake with yesterday.

LY. Ha? How came she to know it, she was not here.

GHO. All that I ever did see's conscious of,
And jealous of your love unto HERMIONE,
Did place me here, to search into your thoughts,
And now is prouder of this discovery,
Than if a Crowne were added to her.

LY. To what strange Lawes does Heaven confine it selfe,
That it will suffer them that dare be damn'd
To have power over those it has selected,
My teares and sacrifice could never gaine
So much upon its mercy, as to lend
Thy happy sight for one faint minutes comfort:
Yet those that sell themselves to Hell, can force
Thy quiet rest for inquisition on innocence,
And to what purpose serves faith and religious secrecie
When Magick mocks and frustrates all our vows?
This Moore then was confederate with your Uncles passion.

GHO. She is the cause that I doe walke in shades.

LY. And I will be, that she shall walke in Hell:
With her I will begin, then seeke revenge
Under the ruines of thy Uncles house:
All men that dare to name him, and not curse
His memory, shall feele the power

Of my despised hate and friendship.

GHO. My dearest *Lyficles*, promise to be
But temperate in your anger, and I will
Discover more than you yet hop'd to know.

Enter *Pin-*

LY. As justice that's concern'd to punish crimes,
I will.

darus and

GHO. Then know I was betray'd.
Oh love, here's company, I must retire.

servants.

PIN. Talking to graves at night, and making love i'th day:
My Lord, I, nor my daughter have deserv'd this.

LY. Pardon me Sir, I could doe no lesse,
Being to take an everlasting farewell, but give this
Visite to her memory: reserve your censure
Till ten dayes be over, and if I doe not
Satisfie you, condemne me.

Exeunt.

Enter *HERMIONE* and *PHILLIDA*.

HER. *Philly*, take thy Lute, and sing the song
Was given thee last.

Exeunt.

SONG.

Where did you borrow that last sigh,
and that relenting groane?

For those that sigh, and not for love,
Vsurpe what's not their owne.

Loves arrowes sooner armour pierce,

Than your soft snowy skinne,

Tour eyes can onely teach us love,

But cannot take it in.

Another sigh than I may hope

The Song being ended, Enter *PHILLIDA*.

PH. Oh Madam, call all your sorrowes to you, you are
Not sad enough to heare the newes I bring.

HER. Would it were killing, that my death might end
My feares, as my life has my hopes.

PH. You mistake me Madam, *Eugenio* is return'd.

HE. *Eugenio* return'd? thou hast reason, *Phillida*, I
Should be dead with sorrow: 'Tis not fit we heare his name
Without a miracle: where is he? send to bring him hither.

PH. He waites on your commands without.

HER. Bring him in.

Good gods, if you can suffer me one minutes joy,
Give it me now, and let excesse of happinesse
Finish what sorrow cannot. But where's this happinesse
I faine would dreame of? *Eugenio* is return'd,
That I may looke on him, and not be his,
And call our faiths in vaine to aide our loves.

Enter *EVGENIO* and *PHILLIDA*.

EV. May the gods give you, Madam, a content
As high, as yon have power to bestow
On those you favour, and then your happinesse
Will be as great as is your beauty.

HE. Oh my best Lord, you now behold a face

L

Too

Too much acquainted with my sad hearts grieve,
 Not to be stain'd with't: sure you cannot know it.
 I pray say you doe not, you will wrong
 Two things I am most proud of, my iust grieve,
 And your young love, which could not grow,
 Nourish't with such poore heate as now it gives.
 I have a story that will breake your heart
 When you have heard it, and mine ere I
 Deliver it. Prince *Lysicles* to morrow marries me,
 Or I must leave my duty, or my life:
 Forgive me that I dare to utter this.

Eu. Madam, forbear your teares, they are a ranfome
 Too mighty to redeeme the greatest faith
 The gods were ever witnesse to. I know
 Whereto you tend, you would have me untye
 The knot that bound our loves, and I will do't,
 Though it be fasten'd to my strings of life:
 Be happie in your choice, give to his merit,
 What once you promis'd to my perfit love,
 By which I onely did pretend my claime:
 I doe release you, as I know heaven has;
 Who in his iustice cannot have consented
 To a longer faith in you, you must not be
 The conquest of a miserable man,
 O're whom their cruell influences raigne.

He. Some saving power close up my drowned eyes,
 Which death had long since shut, had not the love
 And hope of seeing you preserv'd them open.
 Have I beene false for this to all my friends,
 That you should thinke I can be so to you?
 Addenot by your suspitions a crime to our mis-fortune.

Eu. Of you I can have none, but what excuse you:
 You had made me miserable, had not your faith
 Yeelded to those assaults; as worth and greatnesse
 Titles your fathers rage, and your owne judgement
 Did shake and raze it, with what disturbed minde
 Should I have look'd on you my heart ador'd,
 And love made miserable? still you weepe,
 But these are teares your fortune did lay up
 To ease your misery: had you continued mine,
 And your Sunnes clear'd from their last clouds,
 They will more freely shine upon your *Lysicles*:
 For my selfe, my love in his last act shall recompence
 The injuries 't as done to your repose
 By killing me, then must injustice flie,
 And hale inconstancie along with her,
 From your faire conquered soule they now possesse.

He. Oh my griefes!
 Now I perceive the gods decreed you endlesse,
 Since they have made him adde unto my torment,
 Whose memory before did make the sharpest, glorious:
 Teares, and sighes, and groanes farewell:

They

They ne're were spent but when I fear'd for you;
And you being lost I have no use of them.

Here, take this paper, 'tis the last Legacy
My love shall ever give you: 'twas design'd
When I conceiv'd you worthy.

If you beleeve her words, whose faith was never lost,
Though you ungratefully have flung it off,
If so, you be not that you accuse me for, you there shall finde
A story that will punish your suspicion.

He reads, and then kneeles, and she turns from him.

Eu. You that by powerfull prayers have diverted
An imminent ruine, inspire me with fit words
To appease my injur'd Mistresse; heare me,
I doe not kneele for mercy, but to begge
Your leave to dye: I must not live
When pardons make my offence most horrible,
And hell is here without them; take a middle way
If you incline to mercy, and forget me.

HER. Rise, this is worse than your doubts were.
Turne not your face away; would you revenge,
Then let my eyes dwell on't: what punishment
Can there be greater, than for me to see the beauty I have lost
By my owne fault? looke then upon me.

HER. No, I must yet keepe my anger to preserve my honour,
And I dare not trust that, and my eyes at once,
If they behold you.

Eu. Then heare a wretched man, that has out-liv'd
So much his hopes, he knowes not what to wish,
Whether to live or die; yet life for this
I onely seeke, that you may finde I shrink not
To punish him your Justice has condemn'd.

HER. Rise, I can hold out no longer, the bare sounds
Of your death dissolve my resolutions:
Forget my anger, as I will the cause.

Eu. Never, it shall live here to honour me,
Since pitty of my love made you decline it:
But must——

HER. Yes, the vertuous *Lyficles*, for his respects to me,
How 'ere unhappy, challeng'd that name,
In your absence labours to marry me: yet death——

Eu. Wretched *Eugenio*, did thy coward Fate
Not dare to strike thee, till thou turn'dst thy backe:
Must I returne from banishment to finde
My hopes are banish'd? Did I for this love Vertue,
Pursued her rugged pathes, when danger made
Her horrid to the valiant, to be ruin'd
By him that is most vertuous? Yee gods,
Was envy, malice, Fortune impotent
To injure me, but you must raise up Vertue
To suppress me—— If I suffer it, I shall deserve it.

HER. Oh my *Eugenio*, we are miserable,
Yet must not quarrell love, to take or give
A seeming comfort : goe trie all your power
Of hate or friendship to undoe this match,
Ile give you leave to die first : any thing,
But let not me have so much leave to change,
As to beleeve you thinke it possible.

Exennt.

Enter LYSICLES and Servant.

SER. The Physitian you sent for waits without.

LY. Bring him in, and stay in the next roome.
You are welcome : I must imploy your trust and
Secresie in something that concerns me. You must
Procure me instantly a powerfull poison.

*Enter
Physitian.*

PH. My Lord!

LY. Nay, no ceremonies of deniall. I give you
My Intents, not to be disputed, but obeyed. I know
You walke not frequently in these rough waies ;
But 'tis not want of knowledge, but your will,
Makes you decline them.

PH. My Lord, I have observ'd you long, and see you
Weare your life like something you would faine
Put off. I will not undertake to counsell you, in
That your nearest friends have oft attempted,
Without successe : yet if my life should issue
With the words I now will utter, Ile boldly tell
Your Grace, I will not be a meanes to cut your
Daies off, to make mine happy ever.

LY. I did expect this from you ; and to enforme you
Briefely, know, though I doe loath my life, I will
Not part with't willingly, till it does serve
Me to revenge my wrongs : and to assure you more,
I will not use your Art against my selfe : Let
Your composition procure the greatest torture
Poison can force, for I must use it upon one
Our Lawes cannot condemne ; because the circumstance
That makes him guilty cannot be produc't, but
With expence of time, and my revenge will not admit it.
By my honour this is the cause.

PH. If I were sure your enemies should onely trie
The effects of what I can doe in your service,
The horrid'st tortures Treason e're justified,
Should not exceed the suff'rings of those
Should take the poison I can bring you.

LY. Bring it me instantly ; and if the paines of Hell
Can be felt here, let your ingredients call them up.
If his life were onely my aime and end, whilst
I doe weare this, I'de not implore your aide ;
But I must set him on the racke, that there he
May confesse my inquisition justice.

PH. An houre returns me with your commands
Perform'd — yet I'll observe you farther.

LY. So, this is the first degree to my revenge,
Which I will prosecute till I have made

All

All that were guilty of my losse of peace,
 Wash their impiety in their guilty blood.
 All places where I meete them shall be Altars,
 On which I'll sacrifice the Murtherers,
 To appease the spirit of my injur'd Mistresse:
 And the last Victime I will fall my selfe
 Upon her sacred Tombe, to expiate
 The crimes I have committed in deferring
 Justice thus long. This curs'd Magitian
 Shall be the first, she did reveale our loves;
 MILESIA said she did, and if it were
 Her blessed spirit, nothing but truth dwells in't.
 Iftwere a fantosme rais'd by her foule spels;
 She paies the fault of her abusing me,
 Infidiating with my MILESIA's forme,
 To search, and then betray my resolution
 Of serving my best friend: how now? *Enter Servant.*

SER. Sir, Lord PINDARVS would speake with you.

LY. Where is he? *Exeunt.*

ACT. 5. SCÆ. 1.

Enter SERVANT, and LYSICLES.

SER. Sir, I have waited as you commanded,
 Neere the house of the Egyptian Lady:
 Something is done, that disturbs them all,
 Divers runne in and out, Physitians are sent for:
 At last, I went in my selfe, and entred her
 Chamber, found her on her bed almost distract
 With torture, cries she is poison'd, curses her
 Jealousie and curiosity, calls upon your name,
 Desires, and then forbids you should be sent for.

LY. But I will come to her confession: courage my soule,
 Let no faint pittie hinder thee the joyes
 Thou art receiving, triumph in their sufferings
 That have attempted thine: Looke downe MILESIA,
 Applaud my pietie, that snatcht the sword
 From sleeping Justice, to revenge thy death. *Exit.*

SER. What meanes my Lord to be pleas'd with this
 Sad newes? how can this stranger have offended him?
 I'll follow, learne the issue, and the cause. *Exit.*

Enter the MOORE on her bed, HERMIONE,

PHILLIDA, and IRENE.

The bed thrust out.

MOO. Oh, oh, oh, gods! if I have merited your hate,
 You might have laid it on untill my name
 Had beene a word to expresse full misery,
 And I had thank'd you, if you had forborne
 To make his innocence the instrument
 Of your dire wrath. HERMIONE, IRENE,
 I have conjur'd my servants not to tell you

When I am dead, who I was: but if
 Their weakenesse shall discover't, let it be hid
 From the best *Lysicles*: I burne, I burne,
 And death dares not to ceaze me, frightened
 With the furies that torment me.

HER. Mysterious powers! instruct us in the way
 You would be serv'd, for we are ignorant;
 Your Thunder else would not be aim'd at those
 That follow vertue, as it is prescrib'd,
 Whilst thousand others scape unpunished,
 That violate the Lawes we are taught to keepe. Enter

LY. What meane these sad expressions of sorrow?

HER. Oh my Lord, Nature had not made our hearts
 Capable of pittie, if we forbear it here:
 The vertuous *Acanthe* has beene tormented
 With paines, nothing is able to expresse
 But her owne groanes: she feares shee's poison'd,
 Talkes of yon, of Tombes, and of *Milefia*,
 And in the midst of all her torture
 Sayes, her distrust and jealousie deserves a greater punishment.

LY. And I beleev'r, nor should you pittie her:
 Those that doe trace forbidden paths of knowledge
 The gods reserve unto themselves, doe never doo't,
 But with intent to ruine the beleevers,
 And venterers on their Art: Something I know
 O'th' curs'd effects of her commanding Magick,
 And she (no doubt) is conscious to her selfe
 Of infinite more mischiefs than are yet reveal'd.
 I am confident she is fled her Country
 For the ills she has done there, and now
 The punishment has overtaken her here:
 And for her shewes of Vertue, they are Masks
 To hide the rottenesse that lyes within,
 And gaine her credit with some dissembled acts
 Of piety, which levells her a passage
 To those important mischiefs, Hell
 Has imploy'd her here to execute.

MOO. Oh gods, deny me not a death, since you
 Have given me the tortures that devance it:
 If I deserve this, your inflicting hands
 Doe reach unto the shades, lay it on there,
Hermione, *Jrene*, is *Lysicles* yet come?

LY. Yes, to counsell you to pacifie
 The gods you have offended by your cursed Arts:
 The blessed Ghost you sent me too, has told me
 Some sad effects on't, and in her name,
 And cause, have the gods hurl'd this punishment
 On thy foule soule, and made my grieve inrag'd
 To madnesse, the blest instrument of thy destruction,
 Which does but here begin.

MO. You then did send the poison, with the Present I receiv'd?

LY. Yes, I did; and wonder you durst tempt

My just revenge, unlesse you did beleave
 You could confine the Revelations
 Of the best spirits, your cursed Charmes
 Betray'd first, and then infore'd to leave
 Their happy seates, to perfect the designs
 Your malice labour'd in.

Moo. What unknowne waies have the gods invented
 To punish me! I feele a torment
 No tyranny e're paralell'd, yet must confesse
 An obligation to him that impos'd it.
 Good gods! if I doe bow under your wills,
 Without repining at your sad decrees,
 Grant this to recompence my Martyrdome,
 That he that is the Author of my sufferings,
 May never learne his error.
 Sir, if torments e're could expiate the crimes
 We have committed, mine might challenge your pardon
 And your pitty: I feele Death entring me,
 Love the memory of your *Mylesia*, and forgive——

IR. Helpe, helpe, she dyes.

LY. If it be possible, call life into her for some minutes,
 Her full confession will obsove my Justice.

IR. Bring some water here, she does but swoone:
 So chafe her Temples,— Oh Heavens! what prodigy
 Is here! her blacknesse falls away: My Lord, looke on
 This Miracle, doth not Heaven instruct us in pitty
 Of her wrongs, that the opinions which prejudice
 Her vertue, should thus be wash't away with the
 Blacke clouds that hide her purer forme?

HER. Heaven hath some further ends in this
 Than we can pierce: More water, she returnes to life,
 And all the blacknesse of her face is gone.

IR. PALLAS, APOLLO, what may this portend? My Lord,
 Have you not seene a face like this?

LY. Yes, and horror ceazeth me: 'Tis the Idea
 Of my *Milesia*. Impenetrable powers,
 Deliver us in Thunder your intents,
 And exposition of this Metamorphosis.

HER. She stirres.

LY. Hold her up gently—— He kneeles.

Moo. Oh, oh; why doe you kneele to me?

LY. Are not you MILESIA?

Moo. Why doe you aske?

LY. Oh then you are.

Moo. My *Lysicles*, I am by miracle preserv'd,
 Though since the gods repent them of their succours,
 Knowing me unworthy of thy firme constant love:
 I never thought that death could be a terrour
 Too long acquainted with the miseries
 Pursue our lives, but now the apprehension
 My grave should swallow thee, makes me to welcome it
 With a heaviness that sinkes despairing sinners.

LY. Powre downe your Thunder gods, upon this head,

And try if that can make me yet more wretched :
 Was not her death affliction enough,
 But you must make me be the murtherer ?
 Is this a punishment for adoring her
 Equall with you, you made so equall to yee ?
 Pardon the fault you forc't me to commit :
 So visible a Divinity could not be loo'd on
 With lesse adoration.

Moo. If ere I did expect a happier death,
 May I dye loathed : what Funerall pompe
 Can there be greater, than for me to heare
 Whilst I yet live, my dying Obsequies
 With so much zeale pronounc'd by him I love :
 Tortures againe doe seize me.

LY. Eyes, are you dry where such an object calls
 Your teares forth — My bloud shall supply your place.

Mo. For heavens sake hold his hands : O my best *Lysicles*,
 Doe not destroy the comforts of my soule ;
 What a division doe I feele within me !
 I am but halfe tormented, my soule in spight.
 O'th' tortures of my body, doe feele a joy
 That meets departed spirits in the blest shades —

LY. What unexpected mischiefes circle me,
 What Arts hath malice, arm'd with Fortune, found
 To make me wretched ? could I e're have thought
 A Miracle could have restor'd thee to my eyes,
 But they should see the joyes of Heaven in thee ?
 Yet now the height of my affliction is,
 That they behold thee guilty of the close
 Of thine for ever : see *HERMIONE*,
 The countenance Death should put on, when Death
 Would have us throng unto her Palaces,
 And court her frozen Sepulchres.

IR. Sure she is dead : how pale she is !

LY. No : she is white as Lillies, as the Snow
 That falls upon *PARNASSVS* ; if the Red were here,
 As I have seene't enthron'd, the rising day
 Would get new excellence by being compar'd to her :
ARGOS, nor *CYPRVS*, *ÆGYPT* never saw
 A beaury like to this ; let it be lawfull for me to usurpe
 So much on Deaths right, as to take a kisse
 From thy cold Virgin-lips, where she and Love
 Yet strive for Empire : the flames that rise from hence,
 Are not lesse violent, though lesse pleasing now,
 Than when she did consent I should receive
 What now I ravish.

Mo. Dares not Death shut those eyes where love
 Hath enter'd once, or am I in the shades
 Affisted with the Ghost of my deare *Lysicles* ?

LY. She speakes againe : good Heaven, she speakes againe !

HE. You are yet living.

Mo. And therefore dying, but before I go

Let me obtaine your pardon for the wrongs
 My jealousie hath throwne upon your innocence.
 'Twas my too perfect knowledge of my want
 Of merits to deserve, made me doubt yours :
 I meane your constant love, which I will reach
 Below, and make them learne againe to love,
 Who have dyed for it.

LY. Doe not abuse your mercy and my grieve,
 By asking pardon of your murtherer,
 But curse your sufferings off, on this devoted head,
 To save the beauty of the world in you.

MO. Why should your grieve make me repent the joyes
 I ever beg'd of heaven? the knowledge
 Of your love; could there be added more
 Unto my happinesse, than to be confirm'd
 By my owne sufferings how much you did love me,
 And prosecuted those that desired my ruine?
 Like *Semele* I dye, who could not take
 The full god in her armes.

I have but one wish more, that I may beare
 Vnto the shades the glorious title of your wife:
 If I may live so long to heare but this
 Pronounc'd by *Lyficles*, I dye in peace.

LY. Heare it with my vowes, not to behold
 The Sunne rise after you are gone.

MO. O say not so, live, I command you live;
 Let your obedience unto this command,
 Shew you have lost a Mistresse.

LY. Can I heare this, and live?

IR. My Lord, our cares will be imployed better,
 In seeking to avert this Ladies death,
 Than in deploring it.

LY. You advise well: runne all to the Physitian:
 I Will my selfe to *Arnaldo*, who gave
 This poison to me. Let me have word sent to the
 Cypresse grove, the minute she is dead.

*Exeunt, Draw in
 the bed.*

Enter Lyficles meditating.

LY. If Life be given as a blessing to us,
 What Law compels us to preserve it longer,
 Than we can see a possibility
 Of being happy by it? But we must expect
 Till the same power that plac't us here, commands
 A restitution of his gift: This is indeed a rule
 To make us live, but not live happily.

'Tis true, the slave that frees himselfe by death
 Doth wrong his Master: but yet the gods are not
 Necessitous of us, but we of them.

Who then is injur'd if I kill my selfe?
 And if I durst to heare their voyce, they call
 Men to some other place, when they remove
 The gust, and taste of this, we should adore thee death,
 If constant vertue, not inforcement built

Thy spacious Temples. *Enter EVGENIO.*

Welcome *Eugenio*, welcome worthie friend,
How long are you arriv'd?

Eu. Time enough to revenge, though not prevent
The injuries you have done me.

Ly. VVhat meanes my friend?

Eu. I must not heare that name now, you have lost
The effects and vertue of it: I come to punish
Your breach of faith.

Ly. Is Hell assur'd my constancie should conquer
The mischiefs that are rais'd to swallow me,
That it invents new plagues to batter me?
By all that's holy, I never did offend my friend,
Not in a thought.

Eu. Those that by breach of vowes provoke their justice,
Doe seldome feare prophaning of their names,
To hide their perjuries will put it on them.
You have attempted my *Hermione*,
And forc'd her father to compell her voice
Unto your Marriage.

Ly. All this I doe confesse, but 'twas for both your goods,
As I will now informe you.

Eu. Hell and furies: because your specious titles,
Your spreading Vineyards, and your guilded house
Doe shine upon our Cottage, must our faiths,
VVhich Heaven did seale, be cancell'd; 'twas my vertue
VVonne her faire graces, which still out-shine
Your flames of vice.

Ly. It hath not light enough to let you see your friend.
Gods! Could that man have liv'd, that dar'd to say,
Eugenio did suspect his *Lysicles*?
And now in pittie you doe shew him mee,
That I may flie the world without regret,
Not leaving one of worth behinde me in it.
Begon, and learne your errors.

Eu. I have don't alreadie: they were trusting you
VVith my lifes happinesse: draw, and restore the vowes
You made *Hermione*, or I will leave you dead,
And teare them from your heart.

Ly. Fond man, thou dost not know how much 'tis in
My power to make thee miserable:
I could now force thee execute my wish
In killing mee; and thou wouldst flie the light,
VVhen it had shewd thee whom thy rage offended:
But till I fall by my owne hand, my life
Is chain'd unto my honour, which I will weare
Upon my Sepulchre: nor must I die,
Being guilty of *Milefia's* murder,
For any cause but hers, else were my breast,
Since you have wrong'd me, open to your poynt.

Eu. Can you denie but that you have attempted
The faith of my *Hermione*?

Ly. I can, with so strong circumstance of truth *VVould*

VVould make you blush for have doubted mine;
But he that was my friend, and suspects me,
Must attend lesse satisfaction than a stranger.

Proceede, and let your case be both your judge and guide.

Eu. What should I doe? I dare not trust my sense,
If he should tell me that it does deceive me:

Vertue it selfe would lose her qualirie

E're he forooke her, and his words doe fall

Distorted from him; his soule doth labour

Vnder some heavy burthen, which my passion

Did hinder me from seeing. Sir forgive,

Or take your full revenge; let your owne griefes

Teach you to pittie those are distract with it:

I will not rise untill you pardon me.

Ly. Oh my *Eugenio*, thy kindnesse hath undone me,

My rage did choake my griefe, which now did spread

It selfe over my soule and body: up, and helpe

To beare me till I fall eternally.

Eu. Who can heare this, and not be turn'd to Marble?

Good Sir impart your sorrowes, I may bring comfort.

Ly. Whilst they were capable thou didst, but now

They are too great and swolne to let it in.

Milefia, Whom you and I supposed dead,

By me to day is poison'd, and lies dying in her torment;

Is not this strange?

Eu. VVhat have you said that is not?

But heaven avert this last.

Ly. It is too late now; let me beg thy kindnesse

VVould doe that for me, I forbid thy passion.

Eu. VVhat is't? Ly. Kill me.

Eu. You cannot wish me such an hated office:

Call up your reasons and your courage to you,

VVhich was not given you onely for the warres,

But to resist the batteries of Fortune.

People will say, that *Lyficles* did want

Part of that courage Fame did speake him Lord of,

VVhen they shall heare him sunke below her succour.

Ly. You will not kill me then?

Eu. VVhen I beleeeve there is no other meanes to ease you,

I will doe't. Ly. All but death are fled.

Eu. Then draw your sword, and as I lift my arme

To sheath this in your breast, let yours pierce me;

On this condition I may doe your will.

Ly. I may not for the world: why should you die?

Eu. See how your passions blinde you; is Death

A ease or torment? if it be a joy,

VVhy should you envie it your dearest friend?

Ly. Our causes are not equall.

Eu. They will be when you are dead: How you mistake

The Lawes of Friendship, and commit those faults

You did accuse me of; I would not live so long

To thinke you can survive your dying friend.

LY. *Eugenio* I am conquerd, yet I hope thy kindnesse
Will doe that for me, which thy sword refuseth:
Love thy *Hermione*, she deserves it friend:
Leave me alone a while.

Eu. Your griefe's too great for me to trust your life with't:
I dare not venture you beyond my helpe.

Within. Where's Prince *Lysicles*? where's Prince *Lysicles*?

LY. Hearke, I am cal'd, the fatall newes is come. *Drawes.*

Eu. Fie; how unmanly's this? Can sounds affright you,
Which yet you know not whether they doe bring
Or joyes, or sorrowes? when remedies are despair'd of,
You have still leave to dye; perhaps she lives,
And youle exhale her soule into your wounds,
And be the death of her you mourne for living.

Within. Where's Prince *Lysicles*? where's Prince *Lysicles*?

Eu. It is the voyce of comfort, none would strive
To be a sad relator; Ile call him, holla, here he is.

Enter a Servant.

SER. The strange Lady kisses your hands, my Lord: *Arnaldo*
Has restor'd her; she bad me say, your sight can onely
Give perfection to what he has begunne.

Eu. Will you dye now?

LY. Softly, good friend, gently let it slide
Into my breast; my hearts too narrow yet
To take so full a joy in: You're sure this newes is true?

SER. On my Life.

Eu. Why should you doubt it?

LY. My comforts ever were like Winter Sunnes,
That rise late, and set betimes, set with thicke Clouds
That hide their light at noone: but be this true,
And I have life enough to let me see it:
I shall be ever happy.

(feare.

Eu. So, 'tis well; at length his hope hath taught despaire to
Exeunt.

Enter Milesia, Hermione, Irene, Physitian.

PHY. Madam, my innocence will plead my pardon; I could
Not ghesse for whom my Lord intended it; the truth is,
I feard, considering his deepe melancholy, he
Intended to use it on himselfe, and therefore meant to
Make him out of love with death, by suffering the paines
Our soules doe feele when they are violenc'd from us.
I had provided Antidotes, but could not, till this houre,
Learne on whom it was imployed: sure I was, it could
Be death to none, though full of torment.

MI. Till I have farther meanes, thanke you; receive this ring.

HE. But Madam, what did your poore *Hermione* deserve,
That you should hide your selfe from her?

Or are you the *Milesia* that were pleas'd
To call me friend? or is she buried
By *Pallas* Temple? truly beleefe and memory
Opposing sence, makes doubt which to credit:
I wept you dead, the Virgins did intombe you:

Were

Were we then or no deceiv'd ?

MI. My faire deare friend, you shall know all my story.
Tis true, my Uncle did designe my death
For loving *Lyficles*, for at his comming hither
He charg'd me by all ties that were betweene us,
To hate him as the ruine of his honour,
And yet for some darke ends I understood not,
Resolv'd to leave me here. I swore obedience,
But knew not what offence it was to keepe
An oath so made, till I had seene the *Lyficles*,
Which at your house I did; when he came wounded
From hunting of the Boare, all but his name
Appear'd most god-like to me; you all did runne
To stoppe his wounds, and I thought I might see
My enemies bloud; yet soone did pittie ceaze me
To see him bleed: thus, love taking the shape
Of pittie, glided unseene of me into my heart,
And whilst I thought my selfe but charitable,
I nurs't my infant love with milke of pittie
Till he grew strong enough to take me prisoner.
I found his eyes on mine, and ere I could
Remove them, heard him say, he'de thanke his fortune
For this last wound: if'twere the cause
Of seeing me; then tooke his leave,
But left me speechlesse that I could not say,
My heart farewell: after this visite our loves
Grew to that height that you have heard of.

HER. The Groves, and Temples, and darke shade have heard
Them mourned, and celebrated by your friend.

MI. I had a servant unsuspected of me,
For none I trusted that observ'd our meetings,
And ghesling by my sighes that love had made them,
Betray'd them to my Uncle; on *PALLAS* Eve
He rusht into my Chamber, his sword drawne,
And snacht me by the arme: I fell downe,
But knowing yet no fault, could begge no pardon.
A while our eyes did onely speake our thoughts;
At length out of his bosome he pull'd out
A paper, 'twas the contract 'twixt my Lord and me:
And ask't me if I would avow the hand.
Heaven said I, has approv'd it, and the gods
Have chose this way to re-unite our houses;
Staine of thy kindreds honour, he exclaimes:
Was there no other man to ease your lust
But he that was our greatest enemy.
Resolve to dye, thy bloud shall hide the staines
Of our dishonour.

HER. He could not be so cruell to intend it.

MI. He was: for leaving me oppress'd with sighes
And teares; yet not of sorrow and repentance,
But feare that I should lose my dearest servant,
Commands his cruell slaves to murther me

As I descended : and least pittie should
 Create remorse in their obdurate hearts;
 The lights were all put out : then hastily
 My name was heard ; I then intreated her
 That betray'd me, tell them I was coming,
 And tooke this time to write unto my Lord :
 She went, but by the way was ceaz'd,
 And strangled by those murtherers
 That expected me. My Uncle heard
 Her latest groanes ; and now the act was past,
 His power to helpe, he wisht it were undone:
 Brings lights to see the body, and perceiv'd
 The strange mistake : by signes and lifted eyes
 Confess'd Heavens hand was in't ; yet would not leave
 His revenge here, commands his slaves to change
 My cloathes with hers was flaine ; then takes the head off,
 And on the Trunke did leave a note, which told
 My death for loving LYSICLES, in hope my ruine:
 Knowing his noble nature would be his.
 At mid-night quits this Towne, leaving none behind
 Were conscious of the fact, immures me in his house
 Till I escapt in that disguise I wore,
 When I first came to you. (hither ?)

IR. Why did you not declare your selfe when yon came

MI. You were the cause on't : at my arrivall here,
 I heard my LYSICLES should marry you,
 And therefore kept the habite I was in,
 To search unknowne the truth of this report,
 And practiz'd in the private actions of some neere friends,
 Got an opinion I could presage
 The future : thus was I sought by you,
 Thus found the faith of my deare LYSICLES,
 When at the Tombe I did appeare his ghost,
 And had reveal'd my selfe, had not the shame
 Of doubting such a faith, kept my desires in.

HER. Then he dissembled when he made love to me ?

MI. He did : forgive it him, 'twas for his friend.

HER. I am sorry for it.

MI. How my deare friend ?

HER. Nay, it is true,

EVGENIO and he are of such equall tempers, *Enter LYSICLES.*
 I shall suspect he has dissembled too. *& EVGENIO.*

MI. Oh you are pleasant ;
 Here comes my Lord.

LY. Is there a wish beyond this happinesse,
 When I embrace thee thus ? I will not aske
 Thy Story now, it is enough to know
 That you are living.

MI. The gods have made this tryall in my sufferings,
 if I deserv'd so great a blessing :
 I have but one griefe left.

LY. Is that word yet not earth ?

MI.

MI. Yes, but it springs from an excessive joy
Of finding such admired worth in you.
What I hereafter shall doe in your service,
Must weare the name of Gratitude, not Love.

LY. No my MILEZIA,
Mine was the first ingagement, and the gods
Made thee so excellent to keepe on earth
Love that was flying hence, finding no object
Worthy to fixe him here.

HER. No more EVGENIO, if your words could adde
Expressions to your love, you had not had
So much of mine; and after I have tryed
Your faith so many waies, it would appeare
Ingratitude, not modesty to shew a Mistresse coldnesse.

EU. May I beleeve, all advantagious words,
Or may I doubt them, seeing they come from you
Who are all truth? I will not speake
How undeserving I am of these favours,
Because I will not wrong the Election
Your gracious pittie forceth on your Iudgement.

LY. Our joyes doe multiply; but my deare friend,
I have yet something that will adde to yours:
My Father's call'd to Court, and you are left
Governor in his place; this (I know) will make
Lord PINDARVS consent to both your wishes,
Your pardon Madam, and when you lye embrac't
With your EVGENIO, tell him, if my faith
Had not the double tye of Friend and Mistresse,
A single one had yeelded to the hopes

Enter

Of the enjoying you: Here comes my Lord—PINDARVS:
Oh my good Lord, I must intreate your pardon
For a fault my love unto my friend ingag'd me in:
Let your consent compleate the happinesse
Of these two perfect Lovers; I am confident
You ever did approve his vertue: his fortune now
Can be no hinderance, since our gracious King
In contemplation of his merits,
Hath made him Governor in my Fathers place.

PIND. Most willingly I give it, since I have lost
The hopes of being ally'd to you;
Heaven bleesse you both.
Sir, your owne love of my HERMIONE,
And yours now, will teach you to admit
An easie satisfaction for the troubles
My love unto my Child hath throwne upon you.

EU. You are all goodnesse, and my services
Ever directed by your will, shall shew,
Though I can never merit this great honour,
I will doe nothing shall deprive me of
The honour of your love and favour.

PIND. Your vertue promiserh more than I may heare
From you: once more Heaven bleesse you.

If my Lord ERGASTO now were satisfi'd,
I shall be at peace; for having promised
My Daughter to him, I would not have him
Thinke that by me hee's injur'd.

HER. 'Tis in your power Sir, to satisfie him.

PIND. I would doe any thing.

HER. Perswade my Cozen to confesse she loves him,
Which I doe know she does, and he already
Has made profession of his, unto my prejudice:
Nay blush not Cozen, since you would not allow me
This secret as a friend, you may excuse
The inquisitivenesse of a rivall.

MI. This is all truth my Lord, I can assure you.

PIND. Is't possible, IRENE, doe you love ERGASTO?

IR. Me thinkes your experience, Uncle, should teach you,
That such a question was not to be ask't:

Well, if I did love him, 'twas because I thought
That he lov'd me; but if he does not, I pardon him:
For I am certaine he once beleev'd it himselfe.

PIND. If ever love make any deepe impression
In you, I am deceiv'd.

IR. His Dart may strike as farre into me
As into another for ought you know Uncle.

PIND. You have ill lucke else Neece.

Enter PHORMIO, ERGASTO, CLEON.

PHO. Nay, 'tis most certaine the Towne is full of it:
MILEZIA, I know not how, is alive againe:
EVGENIO is made Governour; though you were constant,
You can have no longer hopes of HERMIONE:
Therefore let me advise you, make that seeme
Your owne Election, which will else be Inforcement:
Quit your Interest in HERMIONE, and renew
Your suite to IRENE.

ER. Observe me.

PIND. Welcome my Lords, doe you know this Lady?

ER. Most perfectly, and came to congratulate
With the Prince, for her double recovery.

LY. I thanke you my Lord, and when my friend and you
Are reconcil'd, you may assure your selfe
I am your servant.

ER. What's in my power to give him satisfaction:
He may command.

Eu. Your friendship does it.

PIN. my Lord, this reconcilment will make way unto my
Pardon, I have not beene wanting in my promise
To you; but my daughter thinkes she has chosen
So well, that without any leave, she hath made her
Selfe, her owne disposer.

ER. Ages of happinesse attend them: If I may hope to
Gaine the graces of the faire IRENE, I shall be happy too.

PIN. If I have any power, she shall be yours.

LY. Let me beg the honour of interceding: your fortunes
And condition are so equall, it were a sin to part you.

PH. Pray Sir, let him doe it himselfe: the taske is not

So hard, to require a Mediator.

IR. Have you such skill in perspective ?

PH. As good as any Chyromancers in Ægypt Madam.

ER. He has reason, for I have open'd my breast to him,
And he has seene my heart, and you inthron'd in't.

PH. He tels you true Lady.

IR. Indeed Sir : and pray what did it looke like ?

PH. Faith to deale truely, much like the wheele of Fortune,
Which turning round, puts the same persons
Sometimes at top, sometimes at bottome : but at last
Love shot his dart thorough the Axel-tree,
And fixt you Regent.

IR. Well, I have considered, and my Cozens
Example shall teach me.

ER. What in the name of doubt ?

IR. To avoid the infinite troubles you procur'd her by your
Fruitlesse solicitations : d'ee thinke your teares shall cost
Me so many teares, as they have done her ?

PIN. You may excuse them by consenting
To your friends desires.

MI. Sweet Madam, let me obtaine this for him :
He dyes if you deny him.

HER. Deare IRENE, perfit the happinesse of this day.

IR. You have great reason to perswade me
To take him you abhorr'd. HER. I was ingag'd.

IR. Well, if any here will passe their words
He can continue constant a weeke, I will
Be dispos'd by you.

OMNES. We all will be ingag'd for him.

IR. On this condition I admit him to a Months service,
And my selfe to a perpetuall servitude.

ER. I ever shall be yours.

IR. My father said so, till my mother wept.

EU. A notable woing this.

LY. And as notably finish'd.

Let's now unto my father,
Who expects you to deliver his Commission to you.
Come my MILESIA, tell my wounded heart
No more, her sighes shall wander through the aire
Not knowing where to find thee : nor no more
Shall the mistaken Tombe of false ONONE
Be moistened with my teares, yet since she dyed
To save thy life, her ghost could not expect
A cheaper sacrifice : this I'll onely adde
In memory of us, All Lovers shall
Repute this day, as their great Feastivall.

FINIS.